CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 107,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

See Fifth Page.

VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1892. NUMBER 15.

Poetry.

"DROP A NICKEL IN THE SLOT."

I.

Where automatic indication lies in wait for agitation,
To weigh you and record it on the spot,
'Tis no use to hedge or higgle, for the pointer will not wiggle,
Unless you drop a nickel in the slot.

II.

If you want from hotel waiter tender steak and good potato,
And all the nicest dishes that he's got,
He will surely entertain you with the best that's on the menu
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

III.

In a "parlor-car," or "sleeper," in a "flyer" or a "creeper,"
See the porter for the choicest chair or cot,
It secures you the best places, cheerful looks and smiling faces
If you always drop a nickel in the slot.

IV.

If you want a politician to secure you a position,
And he'd like to, but he knows that he cannot—
Your surest way to win him, is not to urge nor chin him,
But just you drop a nickel in the slot.

V.

For a weary wobbling sinner, who returning late from dinner,
With uncertain step, seeks home—that "dearest spot;"
'Twould beat the "Equine Paradox," to ride home on a letter box,
Having but to drop a nickel in the slot.

VI.

If you love some pretty daughter, and she lets you know you've caught her,
But her loving father thinks he'd rather not,
Don't you argue with the "simoom," just show up a handsome income,
That's the way to drop a nickel in the slot.

VII.

You will find the same variety in all grades of good society,
For money is the basis of the plot;
You can rake in invitations, with the entree to most stations,
If you only drop a nickel in the slot.

VIII.

So through life in all your gettings, fortune, fun and all abettings
That go to keep a boiling in the pot;
Its the coin that has the chrism to start up the mechanism,
You must always drop a nickel in the slot.

—[J. Harry Stedman.

TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

'Twist ye, twine ye; even so
Mingle shades of Joe and Woe,
Hope and Fear, and Peace and Strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo! what varied shapes attending!

Passion's force, by Patience knit:
Doubtful Reason reined by Wit;
Toil, forgot in sighing Rest;
Joy, we know not which is best.

Earnest Gladness, idle Fretting,
Foolish Memory, wise Forgetting;
And twisted reeds, that fondly lie,
Wreathed again for melody.

Ah! the deep, the tender playing,
Wooded Silence, unmeant Saying:
Ah! sweet Anger, insincere,
Trembling Kiss, and glittering Tear.

Vanished Truth, but Vision staying!
Fairy riches—lost in weighing,
And fitful grasp of flying Fate,
Touched too lightly, traced too late.

Graceful Pride, and timid Praise,
Love diffused a thousand ways;
Faithful Hope, and generous Fear,
In the mystic dance appear.

Now they wax and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle;
Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

THE MODEST LOVER.

When Charles called on his love one night,
He found the maid engaged in weeping,
And though engaging was the sight,
He deemed it somewhat out of keeping,
Because she was engaged to him.
And so he asked her why she cried;
And she with eyes both moist and dim,
Drew forth her 'kerchief and replied:

"Dear Charles, I had to cry, you see,
Be-because my mind was in a whirl;
Sup-sup-suppose you never had met me
And some one had loved some other girl?
Suppose, dear Charles, you'd married her
Be-before our courtship had begun;
Ju-just such a course you might prefer,
B-but, darling, what would I have done?"

Charles stood and twirled his moustache tips,
And rose in his own estimation.
Then bent and kissed her on the lips,
The values lover in creation.
"You've got me," said he with a sigh,
Then gave the tips another twirl;
So, darling, if you've got to cry,
Just do it for that other girl."

—[Brooklyn Life.

A PRESCRIPTION.

My pallid friend, is your pulse beating low?
Does the red wine of life too sluggishly flow?
Set it spinning through every tingling vein
By out-door work, till you feel once again
Like giving a cheery school boy shout:
Get out!

Are you morbid, and, like the owl in the tree,
Do you gloomily hoot at what you can't see?
Perhaps now, instead of being so wise,
You are only looking through jaundiced eyes;
Perhaps you are bilious or getting too stout;
Get out!

Out in the air where fresh breezes blow
Away all the cobwebs that sometimes grow
In the brains of those who turn from the light
To all gloomy thoughts instead of the bright.
Contend with such foes, and put them to rout;
Get out!

—[Medical and Surgical Reporter.

Miscellany.

Written for THE BLADE.

A Little Knight Errant.

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

Baby lay so quietly on the sand in the shade of the rock that nurse glancing up from her book believed him to be asleep, and, as babies are generally supposed to be quite safe while in that condition, she turned again to her reading. The afternoon passed crowerily away as though it were being lulled to slumber by the murmuring of the sea and the humming of the bees. One sunbeam crept around the rock, and shone down lovingly on the baby's little golden head as he lay there with his blue eyes veiled by their delicate, half-transparent lids. But he was not asleep, although his eyes were closed. The merry laughter of the bathers further down the beach fell all unheeded on his ears, for he was listening only to the sea singing, singing and the little waves which kept babbling to themselves. He pushed his hand down into the warm, moist sand. One wave came in and broke gently over it. He sat suddenly upright and laughed out softly.

"Did 'oo tiss my hand, 'ittle wave," he cried.

And the waves babbled back "kiss, kiss, kiss."

He bent his head and listened attentively as the long green waves crept softly up and then retreated, leaving flecks of foam on the glittering white sand.

"Baby, baby," they murmured.

He put out his arms to them.

"Does 'oo want me," he asked.

"Has 'oo det 'ittle fishes," he said next, "'ittle baby fishes?"

And one wave came up softly and splashed over his shoe, as though to say "yes."

Suddenly his eyes were caught by a butterfly. He immediately became absorbed in watching the bright thing flutter above the waves. He held out one little hand to it, but it would not be caught in that way. Ah, there it was, right above one little wave. He rose and grasped eagerly at the pretty thing as he wave receded. Then he opened his hand carefully to look at it. The water dripped from his hand and arm but the butterfly was gone.

He looked around wonderingly. Oh, there it was over his head. He held up both hands to it but it fluttered down past him upon the sand. He put his hand over it quickly.

"Me has it," he called out delightedly to the nurse who came and sat down beside him.

"What is it?" she asked?

He lifted his hand from the butterfly which lay quite still and laughed up merrily into her face. But she did not smile back at him. Instead she took hold of his shoulder and shook him quite severely.

"Naughty, naughty baby," she cried, "to hurt the poor little butterfly. How would you like nurse to slap you like that?"

He drew in his tiny red underlip with a long, sobbing breath.

But the nurse paid no attention to his distress. She took him up in her arms and carried him into the hotel.

"I'm going to put you to bed now," she said, "because you've been so naughty."

And then his little majesty became naughty in good earnest. But his kicking and screaming were of no avail and fifteen minutes later found him undressed and in bed, eating his supper of bread and milk.

"Does 'oo sink zat ze 'ittle butterfly is hung'y?" he asked at last.

"No, I guess not," answered nurse relenting a little.

He raised his bowl with both hands and drank what milk remained in it, then he held it so that the red glow of the sunset coming through the window was reflected in the silver bottom.

"Pitty, pitty," he cooed, touching the color gently with his fingers.

"Now be a good boy," said nurse taking the bowl from him, "and go to sleep before the dark comes."

He began to cry loudly.

"There, there," she said, "if the dark comes you shall have a light."

But before she could reach the door he called her back to ask: "Does 'oo sink zat ze butter'fy will be afwaid."

"Oh, no," she answered, "it will have the stars for lamps."

That evening, as the guests of the hotel were dancing, they were startled by having a little white robed figure rush wildly into their midst.

"Why, my precious baby," said one lady crossing the room hurridly and taking the little figure up in her arms, "Tell mama what is the matter."

"Me is afwaid," he sobbed, putting his arms very tightly around her neck, "Zere is a gweat big dog under ze bed and me is afwaid."

"There, there, darling, don't cry. Mama will go and chase the dog away," she said kissing him and holding him very close and tight in her arms.

So he lifted up his head comforted and looked into what was to him the sweetest, kindest face in the world.

"Pitty mamma," he cooed, stroking her cheek with his hand, "ze dear pitty mama."

She carried him back into his room and lighting the gas turned the flame up very high.

"Now, dearie," she said, "let us look and see where the dog is."

So they both got down on the floor and looked under the bed; but, no, the dog wasn't there. And then they looked under the chairs, in the closet, behind the door, in the bureau drawers and even in the baby's shoes.

But the dog couldn't be found.

"Do you know what I believe," said mama putting baby in his bed and sitting down beside him. "I believe there wasn't any dog at all, but that you were just trying to scare poor mama. Naughty baby, to scare mama and make her think there's a great big dog that's going to eat her up."

She commenced to tickle him and he rolled over and over, screaming with delight until he was out of breath.

But after mama had kissed him, and putting out the light was about to go away, he began to cry:

"Me doesn't want 'oo to do, and me wants ze light. Me will have ze light. 'Oo is a naughty mama."

"Why, baby," she said. She took him up in her arms and sat down in a rocking chair. "Now, dear, I want you to be my own brave boy, and remember that God is with you just as much in the dark as in the day time. Will you?"

"'Ess'm," he answered, cuddling his tear-wet face down into her neck, perfectly contented while she was with him.

She put him back in his bed and kissed him good night.

But before she could reach the door he called her back.

"Me doesn't want Dod," he sobbed, "me wants ze light."

So she lighted the gas, turning it down very low, and kissing him again, left the room.

It must be raining outside, she could hear the patter of the drops. So, when quite sure mama was out of hearing he slipped out of bed, picked up a little wooden horse and went over to the open window. He held his hand out in the rain.

"Does 'oo want some too," he said to the horse, "ze dear 'ittle rain-drops zat tum wight out of ze sky."

So he held the horse out for a few minutes. How dark it was! He supposed the big dog must be outside.

Suddenly he gave a little cry. "Oh, ze butter'fy! ze butter'fy! ze dog will bite it!"

And then it must be afraid out all alone in the dark, for the stars had gone in because it was raining.

He would go and get the butterfly and bring it back into bed with him.

No one in the ball-room noticed the little white figure with a toy-horse under one arm, that went by the door, nor saw him go down the stairs, and there was no one in the hotel corridor to see him as he went out of the door.

The rain was falling heavily, and it was very dark. He paused a moment on the veranda, under the electric light, which shone down brightly upon the tiny, white-robed form, with its golden curls and earnest little face. Then the little figure went forth into the night resolutely.

He remembered that he had left the butterfly on the sand almost directly in front of the rock where he had been during the afternoon.

Pretty soon he reached the wet sand, into which his bare feet sank softly. Once he was quite sure he saw the dog. His heart beat quickly. He turned to go back. And then he seemed to hear mama's voice saying, "I want you to be a brave boy."

So he turned again and went on resolutely. Now he was quite near the dog. A great sob of terror rose in his throat, but he choked it down.

"Me isn't afwaid of 'oo," he said out loud bravely and went right past the dark thing which was really only a piece of drift-wood, but he did not know that, and so his little heart beat violently, and as soon as he was safely past, he ran as fast as he could. Soon he came near to the rock. His eyes had accustomed themselves to the darkness and he could see it quite plainly But he was very much surprised to find that the water was all around the rock.

"Me sinks zat ze waves have tum up to see ze butter'fy," he said.

He laid the horse down carefully on the sand.

"Me is doing to det ze butter'fy," he said to it. "Me will tum wigit back."

So he waded in and put his arm under the water to feel for the butterfly. But he could not find it. Then he went out a little deeper where the waves came up to his knees. Ah, his fingers touched something soft and small and wet. He picked it up carefully thinking it was the butterfly.

"Me has it," he called out delightedly to the toy horse he had left up on the beach, "me will tum back now."

But he turned the wrong way and walked from the shore instead of towards it. How big and white the waves were coming in and how they pushed against him. They were not like his little waves of the afternoon. Far as eye could reach they were coming towards him, white and angry. A great terror filled his heart.

"Mama! mama!" he cried. His voice sharp and piteous with fright, rose above the sound of the sea and the rain. But there was no answer to his cry. He started to run, stumbled and fell. The waves lifted him up in their arms, tossed him about, laughed and murmured in his ears, but he never laughed back at them nor answered. And then one great wave came in and lifted him up and carried him out to the great heart of the ocean.

* * * * * * * *

All through the long, long years the little toy-horse has waited patiently on the sand. The rains have washed off all of his bright color and one of his glass eyes has dropped out and the wind has blown him over on his side.

But he waits patiently, for above the roar of storms or the murmuring of the waves, he hears the sound of the little master's voice ring out:

"Me has found ze butter'fy. Me will tum back now." And his wooden heart thrills strangely at the thought of being clasped once again to the loving little breast.

So the years come and go, as he lies there waiting patiently, "for lovers may part, and the world go wrong, but the little toy friends are true."

An Adaption.

Mr. Youngpopper—These slippers may be rustically foreign, but I get no tacks in my feet all the same.—[Puck.

THREE OF A KIND.

It was the fag end of a conversation between two men in a Broadway cafe. One was a bill collector, the other a gentleman with whom he had been arguing soto voce for fully fifteen minutes.

"The doctor says some arrangement must be made or he'll sue," blustered the collector.

"I'm quite willing, my boy," answered the other. "How is it that I stand with the doctor?"

"You owe him for ten visits."

"You're quite sure that it's ten visits?"

"Quite."

"Well," said the young man, reflectively, "you go back and tell him that I'll return those visits as soon as possible."—[New York Commercial.

Unconscious Flim-Flam.

Even a mathematician will get mixed in his calculations sometimes when changing money back and forth. The telegraph operator at the De Soto realizes this fact, and nine men out of ten would have done the same thing that he did without thinking.

One night last week a guest of the hotel handed in a message. The operator counted the words and announced that the charge was 50 cents. The gentleman handed over a $10 bill, which the operator mistook for a $1 bill, and gave him back a half dollar. The gentleman left the hotel without noticing the mistake. Presently he discovered it and returned to the operator's desk.

"Wasn't that a $10 bill I gave you a while ago?" he said.

The operator opened his drawer and looked at the bill.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed. "I thought it was a one. Here it is," and he handed over the bill.

"Now I owe you 50 cents," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no you don't," said the operator. "Oh, yes I do," replied the gentleman. "The telegram was 50 cents, you know," and he handed over a half dollar and walked off.

"I'm into that fellow 50 cents," remarked the operator to the bookstand keeper, "and I can't make him see it."

"Not much," returned the bookstand man. "He's into you 50 cents," and the operator has been trying to figure it out ever since.—[Savannah News.

A Skin Game in Socks.

Customer—"Give me a dozen shirts."

Shopkeeper—"Here you are, sir, the best quality."

Customer—"How much?"

Shopkeeper—"One dollar and fifty cents each."

Customer—"All right; wrap them up. Now how much are these socks?"

Shopkeeper—"Fifty cents a pair."

Customer—"Well, I'll take three dozen pairs instead of the shirts."

The socks were done up and the customer starts for the door with the bundle.

Shopkeeper—"Hold on there; you haven't paid for those socks."

Customer—"Certainly not; I took them in exchange for the shirts."

Shopkeeper—"Yes, but you didn't pay for the shirts."

Customer—"Certainly not, because I didn't take them."

Shopkeeper—"That's a fact." And he spends the next half-hour trying to make his cash balance.—[New York Herald.

A Temperance Promoter.

One afternoon at about 4 o'clock a gentleman with a rumpled tie and a glazed optic entered a certain Ann street saloon and called for a palate agitator with a little absinthe in it. Then he rested both elbows wearily on the bar. Its top was of glass, laid upon some dark-green material.

The inebriated one began to spin a penny upon it.

Suddenly a snake-like head evolved itself from the dark-green below the glass, two fishy eyes met those of the inebriate, and then the head slowly faded back into the green.

This apparition was followed by a second something with a dozen or so of legs that bobbed into view several time and vanished quite as thoroughly as its predecessor.

The man stopped spinning the penny and covertly pinched himself.

Suddenly a ten-inch alligator materialized below the glass, and the man clutched at it.

With a wiggle of its tail it disappeared. So did the man.

"Gee," said the bartender, as the inebriate slammed the door behind him, "them squarium bars is tough on jags."—[New York Commercial.

Story of a Boom.

"Good morning," said the ground hog.

"Good morning," said the Cullom boom.

"Why don't you go back in your hole?" said the ground hog.

"Why don't you get back in yours?" said the Cullom boom.

"Because I don't throw any shadow," said the ground hog.

"Neither do I throw any shadow," said the Cullom boom.—[St. Louis Republic.

Then He Proposed.

Cora—Jake, I don't think you and I can ever marry.

Jake (too timid to propose)—Why, dear?

Cora—Because you think, as this is leap year, I should do the proposing, and I can't make up my mind to do it.—[New York Herald.

Radical Views.

"Doesn't Mrs. Maxwell believe in coeducation of the sexes?"

"Co-education? I should say not! Why, she believes that a girl ought to be raised so carefully that when she sees a man she will say: 'What is that, mamma?'"—[Brooklyn Life.

Two Points of Observation.

He—I don't see how a girl can marry a man she's known only two weeks.

She—And I don't see how she can marry one she's known longer.—[Life.

FIVE FISH "FAKES."

A Blacksnake Swallows a Rattler.

A correspondent tells this interesting snake story: A few days ago I sent two boys to the spring after water and in a moment one of them came running back in great fright, saying that he saw a stinging rattlesnake with rattlers on his head and a horn on his tail, and one-half of the snake was black and the other half spotted. I went with them to see the monster, and when we got there a blacksnake about five feet long was swallowing a rattlesnake about two and a half feet long. The rattler was rattling with all his might, while his colored brother was swallowing with all his power. We left them, and went back in about an hour and both were dead.—[Great Divide.

Rather Far-Fetched.

Walter Herron, the chief clerk of the general delivery of the Memphis post-office, claims to be in great luck. He relates to the Memphis *Commercial* the following fish story and swears by all the gods that it is a fact. He says:

"Last summer I spent a part of my vacation in St. Louis. One day I was out with a party of friends boating on the Mississippi river. My watch chain broke and my watch and part of the chain fell into the river. Yesterday I and my neighbors clubbed in together and bought a big catfish down at the Beal street market. It fell my lot to clean it. Inside I found my old Waterbury. The chain was fast on one of its gills and to it the watch. I know it because my name is on the inside of it. I am soaking it in coal-oil and I think maybe it will run all right."

A Great Fish Story.

The Rev. Mr. Allen, Trinitarian Congregationalist, and the Rev. Mr. Wyman, Unitarian, went out a-fishing a few days ago from West Gouldsboro, where they were preaching during the summer. They came to an anchor on one of the grounds in the vicinity of Ironbound island.

Good luck attended them and in unity they devoted themselves to the trinity of cod, hake and pollock, which they caught in great numbers. By noon they grew hungry, like ordinary mortals, and so dined on chicken and other good viands. During their repast they threw overboard a chicken bone. Two or three hours afterward they caught a large codfish which weighed twenty-five pounds, and within that fish they found that identical chicken bone which they threw overboard!

It is now understood that these clerical gentlemen favor a new version, to read something like this: "Cast your chicken bones on the waters and after a little time they shall be returned to you by a mammoth codfish, which you may have for the catching."—[Ellsworth American.

A Tough Struggle.

Ex-Mayor George W. Gardner had an experience on the bosom of old Lake Erie last summer that he is not likely to forget for a time.

"I had started for the island in my canoe," says he, "and the wind was right in my back. I put up a little sail about as big as a parour plaster and leaning back in the little skiff hung on to the rope while the breeze carried me along right lively.

"It was boiling hot and half-way to the islands I thought I would take a swim. I let down the sail, threw off my clothes and dove for the bottom. The water was just right and I enjoyed the plunge, but when I came to the surface I saw my canoe bounding away toward Put-in Bay.

"It had been so much lighted that the wind swept it along as it would a piece of paper. It was six miles from shore and you can wager money that I took after that canoe. It had twenty or thirty yards the start of me and it was a race between us. When I reached it after ten minutes' hard work I was about used up. But a man can do a good deal when his life depends upon it."—[Cleveland World.

A Big Sea Bass.

A large crowd on the noon ferryboat collected about one of the trunk carts, attracted by a huge and queer fish that was extended along the frame of the truck. To every appearance the fish belonged to the trout family, and was judged to be a freak in size. One of the curious lookers-on measured the length of the monster, and found it to be nearly, seven feet, while the greatest breadth about the body was three and one-half feet. The scales appeared to be very much like pieces of abalone shell, but were ductile and semi-transparent.

By and by the inevitable know-all came along, and he explained the wonder to the crowd. The sea leviathan was a species of the black sea bass, and by all odds the largest of its kind ever captured on this coast. Its weight was about four hundred pounds. It was captured off the Catalin islands, and the powerful rope fastened through its enormous mouth attested to its prodigious strength.

It was learned that smaller specimens of this fish are brought up from the Santa Barbara and sold to wholesale dealers, who in turn retail them to restaurants. The restaurants, by a process of seasoning and hammering out the flesh, are enabled to serve the fish to their patrons under a dozen different names.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Thought-Reading.

"I say, old chap, you haven't such a thing as a five-dollar bill about you?"

"How on earth did you guess that?"—[Judge.

The Ideal Wrecked.

They were two real sweet matinee girls and they were absorbing their daily cream soda at Hudnut's Broadway establishment.

Through the crowd of fair femininity came a Thespian renowned in the metropolis as a man who "earns his salary at Saturday matinees"—this being the professional phrase for a player who is the admired of the softer sex and whose photos sell well at Sarony's. The matinee girls recognized him in a moment.

"Isn't he handsome!" whispered the first.

"Just too fetching," murmured the second.

"Quite my ideal."

"I wonder what he's going to buy?"

"Brilliantine for that superb moustache?"

"Or attar of roses for his handkerchief?"

"Or some nail polish?"

"Or paste for those exquisite teeth?"

"James," remarked the admired one very audibly, "gimme another box of those corn-plasters."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

He Copied Nature.

Benvenuto Cellini has just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design.

"The design appears to me to illustrate some biblical episode," said she.

"It does," returned Cellini. "Daniel in the lions' den is the subject."

"Ah, but I see only the lions."

"Undoubtedly; however, you note a slight distention of the lions' bodies?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's Daniel."—[Jewelers' Circular.

One as Bad as the Other.

She—You ought to be ashamed of stealing a kiss.

He—You are equally guilty. You received the stolen goods.—[Truth.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for the Blade, and published in no other paper. Copyright 1891.

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;

OR,

An American Daughter of the Gods.

OUR NEW SPECIAL SERIAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

MARK AND OLGA APGAR.

Bernice did not again see the supposed Ainslie on board the boat. He kept out of her sight, and as soon as Halifax was reached landed at once and disappeared. Bernice was indebted to the captain for extrication from her embarrassing position—alone in a strange city without friends, money or wardrobe. He came to her with an inquiry as to what she proposed to do, and generously offered to furnish her funds for her immediate needs.

"I am more than grateful to you, Captain Smead," she responded. "Fortunately I will not tax your kindness except to send a telegram to my friends at New York and obtain a telegraphic transfer of money—and to allow me to remain on the boat until it arrives."

She wrote a telegram to Elinor and another to Van, stating briefly that she had been picked up by the steamer and brought to Halifax; and asking for funds to return. The replies came in a few hours—Van's being a telegraph money order of generous proportions, and Elinor's one of loving congratulation, urging her return as speedily as possible.

As fate would have it, Mark had been compelled for two days to give his attention to Smithson, whom grief over Bernice's supposed loss had almost prostrated. There were some matters of business needing immediate attention, and Mark volunteered his services. Not half an hour after the receipt of Bernice's telegram, Mark presented himself at Van's counting-house, and Van conveyed to him the news of her safety.

"Thank God for that—and especially for poor Smithson's sake!" exclaimed Mark. "I must go at once and tell him the good news!"

"Hold on, Ainslie," said Van. "I've already sent a boy with a note up to his hotel; he has it by this time. I want to see you on a rather important matter. You can spare a half hour or so, can't you? Come into the back office."

"Certainly. I am at your service."

They went into the private office, the door of which Van locked. Taking from his desk a box of fat, black cigars, he pressed one on the young man, and lighted one himself.

"A man can always talk better when he smokes, you know," Van began, rather carefully. "That is, I can, at any rate. Sit down, Ainslie, sit down!" and Mark took the chair he offered, by the side of the desk, and close to his own. He puffed vigorously at his cigar, but in silence.

"Well, Van, what is it? You said you had something to talk about."

Van fidgeted in his chair, opened a drawer, took out a letter, which he deposited face down upon the desk, and put a paper-weight on it. Then taking a few puffs at his cigar, he propounded this startling question:

"Ainslie, do you have any idea of getting married?"

Mark looked surprised, but answered promptly:

"I presume I shall marry some day—unless the lady I may choose is not of the same mind as myself."

"I have had the thought sometimes that you fancied my cousin Elinor."

"Miss Atherton is a young lady whom I regard very highly," responded Mark.

"Just so—just so," returned Van. "But, Ainslie—and I don't want you to regard me as meddling in your affairs—I am the nearest of kin, so to speak, to Elinor, and for various reasons I should like to have you frankly answer me one question; are you thinking of becoming a suitor for her hand?"

"I presume, of course, that this is what you wished to speak to me about?"

"It is."

"May I ask why you are making this inquiry?" Van shot a keen glance at him, but Ainslie's answering gaze was frank and full.

"Because I am nearest to Elinor—the male representative of family, in fact. I am not asking from any motive of curiosity."

"And what if my answer should be affirmative?"

"Then I have a further question or two to ask."

"Pray ask them."

Van took up the letter he had placed on his desk. "You are acquainted with the Leverett Saltonstalls, of Philadelphia?"

Mark's face darkened. He knew now what he had to face.

"Yes, I know them."

"Mrs. Atherton," began Van, "corresponds with Mrs. Saltonstall. She mentioned you and Mr. Smithson in a recent letter. The reply contained some statements concerning yourself. These are none of my business, one way or the other, Ainslie, except in case you should be interested in Elinor. In that case—"

"Does Miss Atherton know of Mrs. Saltonstall's story?" interrupted Mark.

"Yes, she does," answered Van, flushing slightly.

Mark's brow cleared somewhat. If Elinor knew, she evidently did not believe the charge—else why should Van inquire into the matter?

"Your questions refer to this story of Mrs. Saltonstall's?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Atherton know you proposed speaking to me about it?"

"No, she did not."

Mark's mental processes acted quickly. That Mrs. Van and perhaps her husband, desired to break off his acquaintance with Elinor because of Mrs. Saltonstall's letter, seemed clear. If Elinor had acquiesced in this, Van would not have spoken; therefore, Elinor must disbelieve it. That seemed perfectly plain, and it gave him hope and courage.

"May I know what charges Mrs. Saltonstall prefers against me?" he inquired.

"Ainslie, I believe you to be a gentleman. I have her letter here, and propose to allow you to read it; but I make it a condition that the Saltonstalls shall know nothing about it."

"The stipulation is needless, Mrs. Saltonstall did not originate the charge—she merely reported it; and I have no quarrel with her for so doing."

"Spoken like a man. Here, read the letter yourself."

Van took it up, marked a paragraph, and handed it to the young man.

"Begin at the mark, and read the remainder of the letter through. Then I will hear what you desire to say about it."

Mark took it, and settled himself to its perusal. It ran as follows:

"The lamentable story, as I get it from Mrs. Apgar herself, is as follows: Her daughter Olga had been away at school for three or four years, and during that time had not met Mr. Ainslie, whom she had known during her earlier girlhood. Olga came home at the end of June, and some Philadelphia friends, the Sinclairs—I do not think you know them—invited her to visit them. She was then in her seventeenth year, more girlish than womanly, and, I fancy, somewhat sentimental in her ideas. Certainly she was rash in forming acquaintances.

"She enjoyed herself very much in Philadelphia, it being the first occasion of her spending any time in a large city since her childhood. She was fond of strolling about, sight-seeing, and, I fear, often went alone. It was most reprehensible in the lady at whose home she was visiting to allow it, of course; for the entire trouble originated in that way.

"One afternoon, as she was walking in one of the squares, and unfortunately, alone, she met Mr. Ainslie. With a lack of discretion possibly attributable to her youth, she extended her hand, and greeted Mr. Ainslie, telling him that, though it had been several years since they had met, she knew him at once. It seems that he turned and accompanied her in her walk, but did not escort her back to the house—alleging that he did not know the Sinclairs, and would not intrude.

"The silly child did not tell Mrs. Sinclair that she had met Mr. Ainslie. As I have already hinted, she had the instincts of a coquette, and there was a tinge of romance, to her mind, in concealment. She had told him of her intention to go the next afternoon to Fairmount park, and of course he was there to meet her. The acquaintance rapidly progressed, and at each meeting a trysting-place was set for another meeting. Olga asked him to call on her at the Sinclairs, but he made some romantic excuse for not doing so, and requested her not to mention him to the family—a request which she unfortunately followed.

"To make a long story short, foolish little Olga fell desperately in love with Mr. Ainslie, and engaged herself to him. He made her promise to say nothing about it to any one, and the whole affair was entirely unsuspected by Mrs. Sinclair—who certainly failed in her duty to the child, I must say.

"As the time drew near for her to return home, Olga mentioned it to Mr. Ainslie, and said something about their continuing their meetings at Milville. He answered that this would be impossible; that when at home, they must remain apparent strangers. When she asked the reason for this, he hinted darkly at complications that rendered it necessary; and Olga was so romantic, and so deeply in love with him, that she accepted the story as gospel truth.

"Whether Mr. Ainslie really felt a fleeting passion for the child, or was a coldly-calculating villain throughout, I certainly cannot tell. I am inclined to think that he began the affair as a flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, and that afterward he did entertain a feeling of love for her. However, he seems to have steadfastly adhered to his determination not to continue the affair after her return to Milville. As the time drew near for her departure, Olga grew very wretched at the thought of separation, and would have stopped at nothing he might have proposed.

"On the day before the morning of her return home, Olga went out about two o'clock in the afternoon. As hours passed on and she did not return, Mrs. Sinclair, I am told, became very much alarmed. She had no idea where the child had gone, but shrank from calling in the police, fearing probably that something might get into the papers. Between nine and ten o'clock Olga returned, very happy, her eyes shining like stars, and apparently unconscious of the fact that her conduct was in any way extraordinary. She would make no explanation to Mrs. Sinclair, however; and that person, doubtless thanking her stars that she was to be relieved of her charge at once, said no more about it.

"Olga returned home the next day, and Mrs. Apgar noted with serious alarm the change in her manner. From being a gay, light-hearted child, she became restless and morbid, given to taking long solitary walks, and refusing to reply to her mother's anxious inquiries. She was, of course endeavoring, after the manner of lovesick girls, to again meet her inamorata. It was several days before she ascertained that he was absent from home. She waited, in what for you. Have you no brother?"

"Neither brother nor sister. I am the only child of my parents."

"Have you no male relative who resembles you in personal appearance?"

"I have none to my knowledge."

Van again relighted his cigar, and drawing a few meditative puffs, went on:

"I can see how Miss Apgar might easily have been mistaken when she met this person, whoever he was—in Philadelphia. She had not seen you, by her own statement, for several years. She might have easily taken some one who bore a superficial resemblance to you—as to general features, color of hair, height, and so on—for yourself. I am free to admit all this."

"Very well. I have been over all this ground in my thoughts a thousand times. Go on."

"The difficulty which presents itself to me," went on Van, with great deliberation, "is that she—presuming her story to be true—identified you as the same person when she met you at Milville. By your own admission, she persisted in her story in your presence—where she was brought close enough to you to see your features closely, to hear your voice, to note all the little tricks of manner which every one possesses, and which serve to distinguish blip from every one else. Now tell me, Ainslie, does that look as though she were mistaken?"

Mark's eyes flashed at the words. "I have thought over all this, time and again. I can not see how she could persist, if her story were true; yet, on the other hand, I can see no possible motive for falsehood."

"No, there is none apparent," remarked Van, drily.

Mark noted the tone; it told him that Van's opinion was against himself. He determined to make one more effort.

"While I am ready to admit that, I must call your attention to the fact that there is equally no motive for myself to tell the monstrous falsehood of which I would have been guilty had Miss Apgar's story regarding myself been true. I was not paying attention before, nor was I afterward, to any young lady; there was no motive for my behaving in such a scoundrelly manner—not to speak of the dishonorable nature of the whole transaction from first to last. Why may not I have the benefit of the doubt in your mind?"

Van relighted again. "The case narrows itself down to this," he replied slowly. "One or the other of you tells the truth—the other a falsehood."

"Very well. What then? To which side do you incline?"

Van arose and again began pacing the room, evidently much discomposed. "It is impossible for me to decide. Which-ever one of you I arraign, the verdict is the old Scotch one of 'not proven.'"

"Are you willing, then, to put into practice, as regards myself, that maxim of law which holds a man innocent until he is proved guilty?"

Van, who had been standing still to listen to Mark, took another turn across the room before he answered. Then he replied:

"So far as I am concerned personally, I am."

"Then I am to infer that this does not extend beyond your own self?"

"As a mere matter of precaution, yes. Prove your side of the story, and all will be right."

"Is it fair to require a man to show himself not guilty? To prove a negative?"

"Look here, Ainslie," burst out Van, insisted on her story, which he absolutely denied in every particular. He admitted that he had been in Philadelphia every day or two during the time Olga had been visiting there, but declared he never heard of the Sinclairs, was not in the portion of the city where they resided, and demanded the date of any alleged meeting. This poor Olga could not give. He finally left the house, reiterating that the story was utterly false in so far as it concerned himself.

"The next day Mr. Jenks, a very gentlemanly old lawyer, employed by Mr. Ainslie, called on Mrs. Apgar, and catechised Olga closely. There were several other interviews, but the matter was never settled. Olga adhered to her story strictly, and Mr. Ainslie was obstinate in his denial.

"There was nothing left but either to call on the law to right the poor child's wrongs or to drop the matter. Despite her horror of publicity, Mrs. Apgar called on a lawyer, who stated that the only course was to bring an action for breach of promise. This Mrs. Apgar would not consent to do. Then Olga's mental worry threw her into a low fever, and physicians advised change of air. Mrs. Apgar took her to Europe, and nothing more was ever done in the matter. Olga is cured of her foolish love for him, and nothing but the painful memory remains.

"The story leaked out in Milville—how, nobody knows. It led, I am glad to say, to the social ostracism of Mr. Ainslie. He stood it as long as he could, and then, under the pretext that his health was poor, left Milville; and the next I heard of him was that he is in New York, and on a familiar footing in your family.

"What he meant by his heartless conduct it is difficult to determine. I can imagine nothing more base. The story I have given above I obtained from Mrs. Apgar's own lips. There may be a still deeper shade of infamy to his conduct, but she could not be expected to touch upon that, were it so. I suspect it, but, of course, can not be certain."

Mrs. Saltonstall's letter here closed. Mark read it through attentively and deliberately, though he knew the main points well. Having finished, he as deliberately folded it and handed it back to Van.

"Well, Ainslie, have you anything to say?"

"Indeed, yes, I have to say that the story, so far as it relates to myself, is absolutely and unqualifiedly false in any and every particular."

He spoke with emphatic clearness and deep feeling, and his eyes looked frankly into those of his interlocutor.

"If you have no objection, Ainslie, I should like to hear all that you know of the matter."

"It will not take long to tell. I remember Miss Apgar as a little girl. She was away at school for several years, and when she returned she had grown out of my recollection. I did not even know her by sight till the evening of my interview with her and her mother, referred to in that letter. I received the note, of course, asking me to meet her at a certain spot, but I had no idea from whom it came, as no name was signed to it except 'Olga,' and I regarded it as a clumsy attempt at a practical joke by somebody. I burned it, and gave it no further attention.

"While I am ready to admit that, I must call your attention to the fact that there is equally no motive for myself to tell the monstrous falsehood of which I would have been guilty had Miss Apgar's story regarding myself been true. I was not paying attention before, nor was I afterward, to any young lady; there was no motive for my behaving in such a scoundrelly manner—not to speak of the dishonorable nature of the whole transaction from first to last. Why may not I have the benefit of the doubt in your mind?"

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"Is it fair to require a man to show himself not guilty? To prove a negative?"

"Look here, Ainslie," burst out Van, "why can't you comprehend the situation without asking me to put it into plain words? So far as I am concerned, the story does not affect our relations; but when it comes to the question of your becoming a suitor for my cousin's hand, there is a difference. I will ask you, as a gentleman, whether it is fair, whether it is honorable, to make love to a woman, with this matter hanging over you?"

"Is not that a matter for the lady herself to decide? She knows it already, you have said."

"That is not quite the point. I am not authorized to say what she would do, knowing this story, if you were to approach her with a proposal. I have no idea what she would say.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

"Moral Teachings of Science," by Arabella B. Buckley, the author of "The Fairyland of Science;" "Through Magic Glasses," etc., is made up of several papers that in a more condensed form were published in *The Chautauquan*. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

A book full of information given in a most charming way is one entitled "The Rescue of an Old Place," by Mary Caroline Robbins. It is a delightful volume and will be a great help to those who are trying to beautify their homes. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (Nicholas & Buchanan.)

"Viscount Palmerston, K. G.," by the Marquis of Lorne, is the story of the life of one of the most famous of the queen's prime ministers. It is said that by virtue of the author's position he has had access to a large mass of letters and comments on public affairs written by Palmerston, that has never reached the public eye. Harper & Brothers, New York, are the publishers.

In the new edition of the works of F. Marion Crawford, which Macmillan & Co., New York, are now bringing out, comes "Zoroaster," which will be remembered by those who read it upon its first appearance as full of word pictures of great beauty.

"A Golden Gossip," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the author of many beautiful works that teach in an attractive way the purest lessons of morality, is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Practical Carriage Building" is compiled by M. T. Richardson, and published by the M. T. Richardson company, New York city. It comprises short practical articles upon carriage and wagon wood work; plans for factories; convenient appliances for repair work; methods of working; peculiarities of bent timber, etc., ending with useful hints and suggestions to wood workers.

"Genesis of Life and Thought," by Thomas H. Musick, is an attempt to show that whether the doctrine of evolution be true or false, science has not yet propounded any theory which accounts for it. The author has written in a clear, logical way, and with the utmost fairness and candor. John B. Alden, New York, is the publisher.

"Hertha" is a romance by Ernst Eckstein, the author of "Quintus Claudius," which is translated from the German by Mrs. Edward Hamilton Bell. It is published by Geo. Gottsberger Peck, 11 Murray street, New York city.

"The Scalp Hunters," by Capt. Mayne Reid, is an old book republished by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Was He Successful?" by Richard B. Kimball, author of "Saint Leger," "Undercurrents," "Romance of Student Life," etc., is a pretty little story published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Nearly Lost," by Annie M. Hucker, and "Bound, Not Blessed," by A. Lyndsey MacGregor, author of "John Ward's Governess," "The Professor's Wife," etc., are also issued by the same publisher, G. W. Dillingham, New York.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Wanted a Pony.

Little Boy—Now that you've got sister a piano, I think you might buy me a pony.

Papa—Why?

Little Boy—So I can get away from the piano.—[Good News.

In Extenuation.

"Does your pastor permit himself to make jokes in the pulpit?" said one lady to another.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, in an apologetic tone, "but they are never very good ones."—[Washington Star.

Saving Space.

Miss Slimdiet—Here's an advertisement of "a literary man" who wants board. Does he say he's a literary man to show he's a person of refinement and culture?

Mrs. Slimdiet—No, it's to show that he can't pay much.—[New York Weekly.

Properties Lacking.

Small boy—Papa, I wish you'd buy me a goat.

Papa—You haven't any harness, or cart, or——

Small Boy—Don't need none. Us boys is startin' a secret society.—[Good News.

Not So Bad.

Mrs. De Fashion—Where is your mamma?

Little Miss De Style—She's in the library sweeping the floor.

Mrs. De Fashion—Horrible! With a vulgar broom?

Little Miss De Style—No'm; with pa.—[Good News.

Cured After a Fatal Illness.

Guide (pointing to the mummy)—This was Bene, the priest, the wisest man of his time. He lived to a great age.

Tourist—Was his last illness fatal?

Guide—Yes, very fatal.

Tourist—What a wonderful thing that we see him now permanently cured.—[Pharmaceutical Era.

Social Gravitation.

Returned Tourist—What became of that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with?

Business Man—I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool?

Perfectly idiotic.

I presume he has dropped into society.—[New York Weekly.

They Agreed Then and After.

A Baptist minister took charge of a parish near Boston where he knew that one man was decidedly opposed to his pastorate. Soon after his arrival the Rev. Mr. X. called upon Mr. A.

"Brother," said he, "I hear that you think I am the wrong man to be the pastor of this church."

"Well, to be frank," replied Mr. A., "I do think that another would have filled the place better."

"Now, that is just what I think," said the pastor. "But as long as we hold this opinion in opposition to the majority of the parishioners, let's try to be unselfish and make the best of it."

After the call Mr. X. never had a firmer friend nor more faithful champion than Mr. A.—[Boston Herald.

Your Blood

Undoubtedly needs a thorough cleansing this season to expel impurities, keep up the health-tone and prevent disease. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and system tonic. It is unequalled in positive medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

Checking the Speed of Trains on Curves.

A device to prevent engineers from passing curves and other difficult points at too great speed has been invented by a French engineer. It consists of a tuning fork provided with a point which inscribes a curve on the smoked surface of a cylinder revolved by a suitable mechanism. The instrument is fixed at any desired part of the road, as the train passes the mechanism is set in motion, the wheels of the engine stopping the revolution of the device as they leave the curve.

Petroleum for Fuel.

Experiments are being made in London with petroleum in a solid state for fuel purposes, the crude oil being mixed with a chemical compound and compressed into the form of bricks by a powerful press. The fuel in this form, when burned in an ordinary grate, presented a bright flame of intense heat, without giving off any liquid, and leaving but little ash.

A Gift to All, Free.

TO INTRODUCE IT IN AMERICA, THE MEDICAL REFORM SOCIETY OF LONDON WILL SEND AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FREE OF CHARGE, to all who are bona fide sufferers from Chronic Kidney and Liver Diseases, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, or any discharges (Albuminuria) or derangements of the human body, also for Dropsy, Nervous Weakness, Exhausted Vitality, Gravel, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Loss of Memory, want of Brain Power. The discovery is a new, cheap and sure cure, the simplest remedy on earth, as found in the Valley of the Nile, Egypt.

Send a self-addressed envelope at once, enclosing ten cents in stamps to defray expenses, to Secretary James Holland, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury Square, London, England. Mention this paper.

A PROFITABLE TALK.

Our Special Reporter Secures the Facts.

He Determined to Thoroughly Investigate a Subject That is Causing Much Comment, and He Has Succeeded.

N. Y. Sun.

Two days ago one of the most prominent professional men in New York published a letter so outspoken, so unusual, as to cause extensive talk and awaken much comment. Yesterday I interviewed the gentleman as to the contents of the letter, and he fully confirmed it in every respect. He not only did this but he also mentioned a number of unusual cases which had come under his observation in which little less than a miracle had been performed.

So important has the entire subject become that I determined to investigate it to the bottom, and accordingly called upon Mr. Albert G. Eaves, the prominent costumer at No. 63 East Twelfth street, the gentleman mentioned in my interview with the doctor yesterday. Mr. Eaves has made quite a name. A complete knowledge of history, an appreciation of art and reliability are essential in his profession.

"Mr. Eaves," I said, "I learn that your wife has had a most unusual experience; are you willing to describe it?"

The gentleman thought a moment and an expression of pleasure passed over his face. "When I think," he said, "of what my wife once passed through and the condition she is in to-day, I cannot but feel gratitude. Nearly three years ago she was at the point of death. You can understand how sick she was when I say she was totally blind and lay in a state of unconsciousness. Three doctors attended her and all agreed that her death was only a question of hours, perhaps minutes."

"May I ask what the doctors called her trouble?"

"Uraemia and puerperal convulsions, so you can imagine how badly she must have been. At last one doctor (it was Dr. R. A. Gunn) said that as she was still able to swallow one more attempt might be made, and a medicine was accordingly given her. She seemed to improve at once; in a few days her sight was restored. 'I have had a long, long sleep,' she said, upon recovering consciousness, and I am rejoiced to say that she was restored to perfect health wholly through the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy we administered when she was past all consciousness."

"I looked at Mr. Eaves as he said this. His face was beaming with satisfaction. He continued:

"The physicians told us, after my wife's recovery, that she could never endure childbirth, and yet we have a fine boy nearly a year old, and do not know what sickness is. I attribute it all to the wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure. Why, my sister, who resides in Virginia, was, awhile ago, afflicted precisely as my wife had been. I at once advised her to use this same great remedy; it cured her promptly."

"You find that it is specially adapted for women, do you?" I inquired.

"By no means. I have known it to be wonderful in its power in the case of gentlemen to whom I have recommended it. I speak from my experience entirely, and you should not be surprised that I am so firm a believer in this discovery, which has done so much for me."

I was not surprised. I saw by every word, by every look, that Mr. Eaves meant all he said. I had ample confirmation of Dr. Gunn's letter and interview, and I do not wonder that people who have seen such things, who have watched their dearest friends go down into the dark valley and be brought back into the light, should be both enthusiastic and grateful. I, myself, caught the spirit, and shall be glad if the investigations I have made prove of profit to those who may read them.

THE PRINCE WAS ASTONISHED

But He Didn't Give Up All the Girl Gave Him.

One of the leading families in Stuttgart gave a supper party, to which the Prince Royal had been invited. His Royal Highness arrived a little before all the preparations for the feast were completed. Observing that he had arrived a little too soon, he decided to take a short stroll in front of the house while daylight was fading into dark. Suddenly a trim servant maid bounded out of the house and ran up to the prince, to whom she handed a parcel containing, as it afterwards turned out, a large piece of sausage and some money, and exclaimed under her breath:

"You'll have to come to-day; we're having a party; the prince himself is coming; so good-bye till to-morrow!" and with that she gave His Royal Highness a couple of hearty kisses and disappeared before he had time to get a word out.

A moment later he perceived a soldier in his cloak, who was casting wistful glances at the lighted windows of the house, and asked him if his sweetheart lived there, and on the man's replying in the affirmative, the prince continued:

"Then this parcel must be intended for you. The person who brought it sends word that you are to come to-morrow, for she has no time to-day on account of the party."

"Much obliged; it's all right, I'll come to-morrow," said the soldier.

"She gave me something besides," the prince went on to say, "but I can't deliver you that."

"Oh you may keep it and welcome," rejoined the soldier. "I've plenty here for to-day."

Everybody at the party noticed that His Highness was more lively and good humored than usual. He narrated his adventure over the cigars and wine, but exacting a promise that neither the servant girl nor the soldier should suffer in consequence of the disclosure.—[Leeds Mercury.

NEXT YEAR'S ALMANAC

Loved Mathematics.

Pond Father (whispering)—That little boy of mine is a born mathematician; just loves mathematics. Look at him now. He's been figuring for a full hour by the clock.

Friend—I see. What problem are you working at, my little man?

Studious Boy—I'm figurin' up how many days it is to vacation.—[Good News.

Drunk—Or Crazy.

Sub-editor (arriving late)—Say, Bobby, is the editor upstairs?

Bobby (office boy)—Yep. Drunk as a biled owl.

"Eh? How do you know?"

"He jest tole me to run around to the theater for two seats for him, and (confidentially) he gave me the money to pay for 'em."—[Good News.

The Reason.

McFingle—Why was Washington buried in Mount Vernon, do you suppose?

McFangle—Well, I don't know. Because it was the family habitation, I suppose, or—

"No, that wasn't the first reason."

"What was, then?"

"He was dead."

And McFangle went out and inquired for the fool-killer.—[Boston Courier.

A Modern Curriculum.

Visitor—I understand that the public schools of this city are models of nineteenth century progress.

Little Boy—"Yes'm, that's wot everybody says. I go to 'em."

"What do you study?"

"Oh, everything—free'and drawin', an' cookin', an' bacteriology, an' music, an' spectrum analysis, an' sewin' on buttons, an' agricultural chemistry, an' dishwashin', an' everything."—[Good News.

Necessity Knows no Law.

Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with dragging this young woman, forcing her into a cab, and driving like mad to the ferry.

Prisoner—Y-e-s, sir. I live in the suburbs. This morning my wife told me not to dare to come home without a girl, and I didn't know of any other way to get one.

Magistrate—I'll take this young girl home with me and place her under my wife's protection. I live in the suburbs myself. You'll have to catch another.—[New York Weekly.

MRS. DRAYTON,

Third Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Astor.

James Coleman Drayton became the husband of the lady of the picture, in New York, ten years ago. The couple, who have a family of children, are well known in society in Paris and London as well as in New York. For several years past Mrs. Drayton has numbered among

MRS. DRAYTON.

her intimate friends Hallett Alsop Borrowe, son of the vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance society.

In February of this year her husband vainly endeavored to bring about a duel with his wife's friend Borrowe. The meeting was prevented, it is reported, by the action of Mr. Borrowe's seconds, confirmed by the opinion of a jury of honor. Reasons of the prevention are given which are not flattering to Mr. Drayton, whose side of the story has yet to be given out to a scandal-loving public.

Both Drayton and Burrowe sailed on the steamer Majestic for the United States, the one not knowing that the other was on board. The friends of both in New York were much exercised over this, fearing that a fatal encounter would take place on the steamer. The Majestic arrived at New York on Wednesday, however, with both men safe.

MAKING THE BOOMERANG.

The Australian Completes It by Licking It With His Tongue.

Three years ago I lived close to an aboriginal camp in New South Wales, writes Arthur Howlett Coates in *St. Nicholas*. This camp was only about two hundred yards from our settlement and it was my daily custom to walk over to the moorong, as they called it, and study the habits of the blackfellows, as the original natives of Australia are called.

I was naturally more interested in the boomerang than in any other of their weapons, and with a little practice soon learned to throw it. In the language of this tribe, the Wong-ei-bong, which is situated in the Bogan River region, the boomerang is called a womera.

I shall therefore call it a womera. The womera is made from what is technically known as an "elbow" from the kurrawung tree, and sometimes from the yarran and myall trees. All of these trees belong to the acacia tribe and have sweet-scented wood.

The black fellow, having found a suitable elbow, chops it out of the tree and, as it is generally too heavy to carry home, trims it on the spot into the rough outline of the forthcoming weapon.

After about two hours' labor the womera will be reduced to three or four pounds weight, but it is still a long way from being a finished weapon. As it now appears it is a flat, heavy club, longer and thinner at one arm than at the other. The black is a decidedly lazy specimen of the human species, and he will as often as not lay aside his uncompleted weapon for a week or perhaps a longer period. When he resumes work the wood will have become hard and dry, and consequently difficult to work upon, but it never once occurs to him that he is now paying for his former indolence. Time, however, is of little or no consequence to the fellow.

After some further paring down the weapon is charred all over, and this part of the work is quite skillfully done, no one part being more burned than another. The charcoal is chipped off, and the black fellow then licks the weapon all over with his tongue, and places it in a smoky fire of green boughs, which warms it and makes it quite pliable.

THE NEW COMET.

A Brilliant One to Ornament the April Skies.

A comet is one of the brilliant phenomena which mankind never tires of watching for, and the new one recently discovered by Dr. Lewis Swift, of the Warner observatory, promises to be one of the spring attractions. Astronomer Swift announces that a week hence it will be ten times as bright as at discovery. The perihelion passage will occur about April 28, at which time it will be about 55,000,000 miles from the sun and between Venus and Mercury, or almost as near the sun as was the famous comet of Donati in 1858, one of the celebrated comets of this century. Dr. Swift thinks that this comet, to be seen in the northern hemisphere, has never visited our system. Its approach to both the earth and sun indicates that it will be brilliant whether or not it throws off an expansive tail.

Mr. S. G. Derry

Of Providence, R. I.,

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells below of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which was followed by eczema or salt rheum, breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms,

A Foul Mass of Sores,

swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my suffering in those years of agony and torture. I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to work, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged by my faithful wife twice a day.

"Finally a friend who was visiting at our house, urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the sores soon healed, and the scales fell off. I was soon able to lay the bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months; and since that time, nearly two years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery it is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious, take Hood's Pills.

MRS. D. E. BRIDGES.

When I first received the belt I put it on every afternoon and wore it from four to six hours for three weeks. At the end of that time my health had so improved that I did not deem it necessary to wear it every day, but put it on every other day, or every two or three days as I saw fit. My health did not improve so rapidly as it would have done had I not overtaxed my strength with hard work. But every time I used the belt I experienced beneficial results. When very tired I would put the belt on, and it always seemed to rest me, and it certainly did improve my appetite.

I have used my belt for sick headache, by holding disks to forehead and neck or face, and always experienced great relief. At present I am in better health than at any other time during the past six years, which is greatly due to the use of one of Dr. Owen's Electric Belts. I do not use the belt now only occasionally, but do not wish to be without one as long as I live. I can honestly say that Dr. Owen's Electric Belt is no humbug, and where ever it has failed to give satisfaction it was because it was not rightly understood or properly applied.

Hoping others may be benefitted as I have, I sincerely remain,

Your friend,

MRS. D. E. BRIDGES, Grant, Perkins Co., Neb.

A GREAT SUFFERER

CURED OF

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

—AND—

GENERAL DEBILITY

GRANT, NEB., Jan. 11, '92.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.

Gentlemen:

For five years I had been a great sufferer from nervous prostration and general debility, receiving only temporary relief by the use of medicines. Seeing your advertisement in the Omaha Bee, I sent for your catalogue, which led me to purchase of you a ladies' belt.

I received the belt last March, and had no trouble whatever in understanding the directions for regulating and using it, and have given it a fair trial and can say I have great faith in electricity as a curative agent.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Contains fullest information, list of diseases, cuts of belts and appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, etc. Published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This valuable catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss, will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents postage.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.

Main Office and Only Factory,

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING,

205 and 211 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLS.

New York Office, 826 Broadway.

The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the World.

When writing, mention this paper.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they *must* be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Soldiers and Land Claims.

We are under obligations to a number of friends who have sent us information with regard to soldiers filing homestead land claims. Section 2304, Revised Statutes of the United States, defines what persons are entitled to soldiers' privileges. They are private soldiers and officers who served in the army of the United States during the rebellion for 90 days, who were honorably discharged, and who have remained loyal to the government; the troops mustered into the service of the United States by virtue of the 3d section of an act approved Feb. 13, 1862, and every seaman, marine, and officer who has served in the navy of the United States or in the Marine corps during the rebellion for 90 days, and who was honorably discharged, and has remained loyal to the government. Where any of the persons described have died, their unmarried widows, or in case of their death or marriage, then their minor orphan children, by a guardian duly appointed, and officially accredited at the department of the Interior, are also entitled to the benefits of this act.

Section 2309 says: "Every soldier, sailor, marine, officer or other person coming within the provisions of section 2304, may, *as well by an agent* as in person, enter upon and improve his land, and make the proof, entry and final payment, and receive a patent therefor."

Under the law, as it now stands, a soldier can give an agent power of attorney to file his declaratory statement upon land for him at the local land office. The usual fee for this filing is $2. The soldier has six months in which to enter upon his land, commence actual settlement, and transmute his declaratory statement into a homestead entry. Unless he does this within six months his declaratory statement becomes null and void. The land office fee for filing a homestead entry is $14. In the case of widows and orphans, as above referred to, their homesteads of lands and other compliance with the provisions of the homestead law can all be done by their agent or guardian, except in the case of a widow, who is required to appear in person at the local land office within six months after her agent has filed her declaratory statement, and transmute the same into a homestead entry.

Regarding the filing of these claims, the receiver of the United States land office at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, says, in a letter to another paper:

"We advise all ex-Union soldiers who desire to secure homesteads upon the public lands in this country to come here in person, personally select their homesteads and make the entry therefor at the local land office to which the land is attached. Where this is not practicable, then the soldiers should club together, in clubs of not more than six or eight each, make one of their own number their agent, clothe him with necessary power of attorney and send him here so that he can be on the ground and make selections of land from personal inspection.

"We do not indorse or recommend any of these local agents who are advertising to do a wholesale declaratory-statement business for old soldiers. Their statements are not reliable, in many cases are absolutely and flagrantly untrue, and we believe that a large number of those who entrust business to them will be disappointed in the result, if not double their original outlay.

"We further advise persons interested in this subject to carefully watch the proceedings of Congress and the reports sent out from the interior department, so that you may see what changes, if any, are made in the present law, as some important changes in the law regarding lands in this territory are now in consideration before Congress."

We are also obliged to a friend at Missoula for precise information as to the owning of land by those filing homestead claims. The form of affidavit prepared by the government requires the applicant to swear that he is "not the proprietor of *more* than 160 acres of land in any state or territory."

The Geneva Award.

J. W. Wiggins: The settlement of the Alabama claims was referred by the treaty of Washington to five arbitrators, to be appointed by the President of the United States, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Italy, the President of the Swiss Confederation and the Emperor of Brazil. These rulers, in the above order, named as arbitrators Lord Charles Francis Adams, Lord Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn, Count Federigo Sclopis, Mr. Jaques Staempdli and Baron Itajuba. J. C. Bancroft Davis and Lord Tenterden, respectively, represented as agents the United States and Great Britain. The tribunal met at Geneva, Switzerland, on December 15, 1871, and Count Sclopis was made president. Each government submitted its proofs and arguments, which were carefully considered by the arbitrators. The United States claimed damages both for direct and for indirect losses, and for interest occasioned by the thirteen vessels. The tribunal decided to allow only direct losses caused by the Florida and the Alabama, with their tenders, and by the Shenandoah during part of her career. The rules of international law were laid down which supported most of the contentions of our government. It was decided that the expenses incurred in pursuing the cruisers and the prospective earnings of the destroyed merchant vessels should not be included in the award; that not, and not gross freights should be allowed, and that reasonable interest should be included. Finally, on the 14th of September, 1872, the tribunal "awarded to the United States a sum of $15,500,000 in gold as the indemnity to be paid by Great Britain to the United States as the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the tribunal." The English representative cast the only dissenting vote, but Great Britain accepted the decision and paid the award within a year.

The Mosquito.

N. R. W., Toponis, Idaho: The mosquito's eggs are laid by that insect in water, they being together in a mass, shaped like a tiny boat, containing 250 to 300 eggs. The larvæ hatch in a few days, coming out at the under side of the egg, and swimming in the water. The larvæ of mosquitoes and gnats are the well-known "wigglers" so often found in almost any standing water. After remaining in the larvae state for five to fifteen days, they pass into the pupa stage, and are then called "tumblers," from the manner in which they roll over and over in the water by means of fin-like paddles at the end of the tail. After a few days the pupa skin bursts open as it floats on the surface, and the mosquito or gnat comes out of the shell, and flies away. These lay eggs in turn, and the circle of changes begins again.

The Suez Canal.

H. H., Utah: The length of the Suez canal is 92 miles; depth, 26 feet, and it was thirteen years in construction. Toll average $4,500 per vessel. Steamers pass through in 40 hours. For sailing vessels tugs are provided at a charge of $1.00 extra. The entire cost of constructing the canal was $85,180,000. The British government owns one-fifth of the shares of the canal, having bought 176,602 from the khedive in 1876, for £4,976,600, being 12½ per cent premium. The coupons having been cut off, the khedive pays the interest till 1892. The canal shortens the voyage between England and the East by one-third; that is, it enables two vessels to do the same work that would require three by the Cape of Good Hope.

Paying for a Paper.

J. L. G., Fayette, O., asks: "If I send for a sample copy, and the publishers continue to send same to my address, without my permission, can they compel me to pay for the paper, if I take same out of postoffice?"

Yes—unless each is marked "sample copy." There are many cases, however, in which papers are sent in this way, being paid for by others—from a campaign fund, or something of the sort. The better plan is to write to the publisher, saying that you have not subscribed, and do not wish the paper if you are expected to pay. If somebody else paid for it, he will tell you; if not, he will stop sending it, if he is a reputable man. Papers continue coming, notify the postmaster that you "refuse" the paper. He will mark it "refused," and so notify the publisher. THE BLADE never sends out any papers unless they are paid for. Persons receiving THE BLADE regularly by mail may be sure somebody has ordered it sent them and has paid for it—otherwise it would not be sent.

The Australian Ballot.

J. V., LaPlace, Ill.: The Australian ballot system has never been formally opposed, in any state, by either political party, so far as we know. The only states and territories which have not adopted it are

Eight Southern states, all Democratic—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi.

Two Western states—Kansas and Iowa.

Two territories—Utah and New Mexico.

The fact that it has been adopted everywhere else is an all-sufficient answer to the statement you quote that the majority party, be it Democratic or Republican, opposes it. How could a bill pass if the majority party was opposed to it? In New York a Republican legislature passed the bill twice, but it was twice vetoed by Gov. Hill, a Democrat. The third time a Democratic bill went through. In Ohio, the legislature was Democratic which passed the law, and there was no party division on the vote—Republicans supporting it. Avoid all such silly generalizations.

Two Capitals.

H. L. T., Kendallville, Ind., says: "Why does Rhode Island have two capitals, and when did it originate?"

There were two separate colonies settled in what is now Rhode Island—Providence Plantations, at Providence; and Rhode Island, at Newport. The two colonies were united as one by royal charter in 1644, under the name of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The two capitals have always been retained.

Connecticut has the same arrangement. It was first two separate colonies—one at Hartford and one at New Haven. When they were joined into one by royal charter, the two capitals were retained, and this arrangement was kept up until a few years ago, when Hartford was made the sole capital.

An Optical Delusion.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich., says: "It is said that rays of light are invisible. If this be true, what are the bright lines we see shining from a luminous point, such as a star, a gaslight, etc?"

The bright lines we see radiating from stars, points of light, etc., are not real. They are due to the imperfection of our eyes. Some persons have such perfect eyes that the stars are to them mere bright points, without rays radiating from them; but the great mass of humanity have imperfect eyes, and see these rays. When the eyes are full of tears, the number of these rays is much increased.

Napoleon III.'s Downfall.

C. M., Hoppertown, Mich.: The Empress Eugenie was the wife of Napoleon III., Emperor of France. War broke out between France and Germany in 1870, and Napoleon was taken prisoner after the French defeat at Sedan, by the German army. When the news of the defeat and capture of the Emperor reached Paris, the people rose in revolution against the Empire. Eugenie fled from Paris in disguise, and reached England. Here the Emperor and their son, the Prince Imperial, join d her after their release by the German government. Napoleon died in 1873, and the Prince was killed during the Zulu war in South Africa, he having gone out with the English army.

Newspaper Law.

C. F. C., Forest City, S. D.: If you regularly take a paper out of the postoffice, you are liable for the subscription. To refuse to take a paper from the postoffice, while owing subscription or renewing and leaving it unclaimed for, is evidence of fraud, by decisions of courts. A man must pay all arrearages when he discontinues his paper. There is no use sending us more than one question at a time. We adopted that rule to diminish the number of questions, which were getting too many for us to give the necessary space to answer. We can not hold a series of questions, and answer one each week.

John D. Rockafeller.

Reader, Kendallville, Ind.: You evidently have read the rule above which says we will give no addresses. So you address a letter to The Editor of THE BLADE, and ask him the question. THE BLADE answers all business letters by letter, of course; but all questions not on business are sent to this department, whether addressed to it or not. We will not give John D. Rockafeller's address, either by letter or in the paper, nor the address of anybody else; so don't ask it.

The Territories in Congress.

E. J. D., Napoleon, O., asks: "How is Alaska represented in Congress?"

Alaska and the Indian territory are unorganized territories, and have no representation in Congress. The organized territories are each represented by one delegate, who can take part in discussions, but cannot vote. They are: Arizona, M. A. Smith, Dem.; New Mexico, Antonio Joseph, Dem.; Oklahoma, D. A. Harvey, Rep.; Utah, John T. Caine, Dem.

Draco's Laws.

W. E. H., Laurel Point, W. Va.: The code of Draco, or "Draconian code," was published in Athens, 624 B. C., and decreed that the slightest offence, as well as the greatest, should be punishable by death. Draco, who formulated the code, declared that the smallest offence deserved death, and there was none greater for graver misdeeds. The laws, however, were too severe, and hence violated with impunity, and Solon was appointed to draw up a new code.

Our Population.

Anna, Toledo, O.: The population of the United States by the census of 1890 was:

Population of the 44 states	61,908,906
Territories and Dist. of Columbia	713,344
Total population	62,622,250

Miscellaneous.

C. T., Omaha, Neb.: We can not give business address.

S. M., Bigsham, O.: Why didn't you look in the history referred to and see if the story is given there? It is too silly to merit denial.

T. G. C., Milbury, O.: We do not know. Ask a lawyer.

A. J. W., Woodruff, O.: We have no copies of "Andersonville" left.

H. M., Malinta, O.: Bill Nye's real name is Edgar W. Nye. See Rule 1.

H. N. R., Beatrice, Neb.: We do not know enough about it to advise you.

H. M. E., Holgate, O.: Consult a lawyer. We can not discuss questions of law.

O. G. P., Prospect, Pa.: Walker Blaine was the eldest son of James G. Blaine.

J. B. T., Sheridan, Wyo.: We do not know Mrs. John Wanamaker's maiden name.

A. P., Denver, Mo.: The ordinance of circumcision is still practiced by the Jews.

A. J., Toledo, O.: Locke's *National Monthly* has been out of print for many years.

T. M., Hanover, Ill.: Greenbacks are exempt from taxation, but no other paper money.

J. W. W., Logan, Kan.: The name "Charlemagne" is pronounced "Shar-le-main," accent on 3d.

Subscriber, Holgate, O.: There is no instrument by which gold or silver can be discovered.

G. B. L., Tiffin, O.: Write to your Representative in Congress. He may be able to send you a copy.

B. F. C., Jerome, Mich.: You are right. Michigan is the "Wolverine State," and Wisconsin the "Badger State."

M. S. C., Raleigh, Ill.: We have not the vote. We think it was not by roll-call, and hence there was no record.

S. C., Kankauna, Wis.: Your question has been handed to the editor of the Farmstead. See that department next week.

W. W., Dahlonega, Iowa: Manioc grows only in tropical countries, and hence can not be raised in the United States.

N. B., DeCliff, O.: We have published "Whistling in Heaven" three times since 1884, and will never republish it again.

O. A. G., Fayette, O.: The Question Bureau of Weekly BLADE of March 3 contained a rule for finding the height of trees, etc.

W. G., North Toledo, O.: We can not inform you of the different uniforms of the United States army since the Revolution.

J. T. F., Pushmataha, Miss.: Your question has been answered once. We have no means of finding out anything about "Major Stolkes."

Subscriber, Bathesda, O.: Any lawyer or justice of the peace will let you read the Ohio fence laws from his volumes of Revised Statutes.

J. B. F., Bingham, O.: There have probably been cases in which military leaders and others were buried by stealth, like De Soto, but we do not recall them.

C. D., Mt. Rock, Pa.: John Sherman was the author of the act for the resumption of specie payments, and as Secretary of the Treasury carried it into effect.

S. M., West Bedford, O., asks for some one to state who is Brigham Young's successor in Mormon leadership, and what is his official title in the church. Who will answer?

W. H., jr., Crow Lake, S. D.: Vermont is not a prohibition state. It has local option and high license—that is, the towns (townships) vote whether they will license saloons or not.

J. L., Palco, Kan., asks about Russian war vessels in American waters in the late war. See Bureau of Weekly BLADE of February 25, answer headed, "Russia's Aid to the Union."

T. N. H., El Dorado, N. C.: When an United States Senator dies (or resigns) his salary stops on that day. His successor does not begin to draw his salary until he is sworn into office.

J. H. M., Coleman, Fla.: Address all inquiries about public lands to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C." A letter thus addressed will reach him all right.

D. L. R. Housum, Pa.: How can you expect us to "vote on the laws of any one or all of the 44 states? It is impossible for us to answer such questions. Write to some lawyer in Kansas.

G. H., Bingham, O.: Hickory is used for Democratic poles, in honor of Andrew Jackson, who is known as "Old Hickory." There is no continuous coming, notify the postmaster that you "refuse" the paper. He will mark it "refused," and so notify the publisher. THE BLADE never sends out any papers unless they are paid for. Persons receiving THE BLADE regularly by mail may be sure somebody has ordered it sent them and has paid for it—otherwise it would not be sent.

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Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Something About Those Who Pose as Sunday Christians While They Are Nothing but Week Day Sinners.

This week Dr. Talmage based his remarks on the text, Matt. 23:24: "Ye blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

A proverb is compact wisdom, knowledge in chunks, a library in a sentence, the electricity of many clouds discharged in one bolt, a river put through a mill race. When Christ quotes the proverb of the text, he means to set forth the ludicrous behavior of those who make a great bluster about small sins and have no appreciation of great ones.

In my text a small insect and a large quadruped are brought into comparison—a gnat and a camel. You have in museums or on the desert seen the latter, a great awkward, sprawling creature, with back two stories high, and stomach having a collection of reservoirs for desert travel, an animal forbidden to the Jews as food, and in many literatures entitled "the ship of the desert." The gnat spoken of in the text is in the grub form. It is born in pool or pond, after a few weeks becomes a chrysalis, and then after a few days becomes the gnat as we recognize it. But the insect spoken of in the text is in its very smallest shape, and yet it inhabits the water—for my text is a misprint and ought to read "strain out a gnat."

My text shows you the prince of inconsistencies. A man after long observation has formed the suspicion that in a cup of water he is about to drink there is a grub or the grandparent of a gnat. He goes and gets a sieve or strainer. He takes the water and pours it through the sieve in the broad light. He says: "I would rather do anything almost than drink this water until the larva be extirpated." This water is brought under inquisition. The experiment is successful. The water rushes through the sieve and leaves against the side of the sieve the grub or gnat. Then the man carefully removes the insect and drinks the wafer in placidity. But going out one day, and hungry, he devours a "ship of the desert," the camel, which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The gastronomer has no compunctions of conscience. He suffers from no indigestion. He puts the lower jaw under the camel's forefoot, and his upper jaw over the hump of the camel's back, and gives one swallow and the dromedary disappears forever. He strained out a gnat, he swallowed a camel.

There are in our days a great many gnats strained out and a great many camels swallowed, and it is the object of this sermon to sketch a few persons who are extensively engaged in that business.

First, I remark, that all those ministers of the gospel are photographed in the text who are very scrupulous about the conventionalities of religion, but put no particular stress upon matters of vast importance. Church services ought to be grave and solemn. There is no room for frivolity in religious convocation. But there are illustrations, and there are hyperboles like that of Christ in the text that will irridate with smiles any intelligent and it ry. There are men like those blind guides of the text who advocate only those things in religious service which draw the corners of the mouth down, and denounce all those things which have a tendency to draw the corners of the mouth up, and these men will go to installations and to presbyteries and to conferences and to associations, their pockets full of fine sieves to strain out the gnats, while in their own churches at home every Sunday there are 50 people sound asleep. They make their churches a great dormitory, and their somniferous sermons are a cradle, and the drawled-out hymns a lullaby, while some wakeful soul in a pew with her fan keeps the flies of unconscious persons approximate. Now, I say it is worse to sleep in church than to smile in church, for the latter implies at least attention, while the former implies the indifference of the hearers and the stupidity of the speaker.

In old age, or from physical infirmity, or from long watching with the sick, drowsiness will sometimes overpower one; but when a minister of the gospel looks off upon an audience of wide awake and healthy and intelligent people struggling with drowsiness, it is time for him to give out the doxology or pronounce the benediction. The great fault of church services to-day is not too much vivacity, but too much somnolence. The one is an irritating gnat that may be easily strained out; the other is a great sprawling and sleepy-eyed camel of the dry desert. In all our Sabbath schools, in all our Bible classes, in all our pulpits we need to brighten our religious message with such Christ-like vivacity as we find in the text.

Again. My subject photographs all those who are abhorrent of small sins while they are reckless in regard to magnificent thefts. You will find many a merchant who, while he is so careful that he would not take a yard of cloth or a spool of cotton from the counter without paying for it, and who if a bank cashier would not make a mistake and send in a roll of bills $5 too much would dispatch a messenger in hot haste to return the surplus, yet who will go into a stock company in which after awhile he gets control of the stock, and then waters the stock and make $100,000 appear like $200,000. He only stole $100,000 by the operation. Many of the men of fortune made their wealth in that way. One of those men, engaged in such unrighteous acts, that evening, the morning of the very day when he watered the stock, will find a wharf-rat stealing an evening newspaper from the basement doorway, and will go out and catch the urchin by the collar, and twist the collar so tightly the poor fellow can not say that it was thirst for knowledge that led him to the dishonest act, but grip the collar tighter and tighter, saying: "I have been looking for you a long while; you stole my paper four or five times, haven't you? you miserable wretch." And then the old stock gambler, with a voice they can hear three blocks, will cry out, "Police, police!"

That same man, the evening of the day when he watered the stock, will kneel with his family in prayer and thank God for the prosperity of the day, then kiss his children good-night with an air which seems to say, "I hope you will all grow up to be as good as your father." Prisons for sins insectile in size, but palaces for crimes dromedarian. No mercy for sins animalcule in proportion, but great leniency for mastodon iniquity.

It is time we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividends and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riding to perdition postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal a dollar is a gnat; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consent to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbor's stall but who would not scruple to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer the peach crop of Maryland is a failure, and by the time the crop comes in the misrepresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand baskets. Any summer go down to the Mercantile Library, in the reading-rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After a while there is a "corner" in the wheat market, and men who had a constant tempt for a petty theft will burglarize the wheat bin of a nation and commit larceny upon the American corncrib.

And men will sit in churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of scoundrelism, while in their grain elevators and in their storehouses they are fattening huge camels which they expect after a while to swallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find that a sin is inexcusable in proportion as it is great.

I know in our time the tendency is to charge religious frauds upon good men. They say, "Oh, what a class of frauds you have in the church of God in this day," and when an elder of a church, or a deacon, or a minister of the gospel, or a superintendent of a Sabbath school turns out a defaulter, what display heads there are in many of the newspapers. Great primer type. Five-line pica. "Another Saint Absconded," "Clerical Scoundrelism," "Religion at a Discount," "Shame on the Churches," while there are a thousand scoundrels outside the church to where there is one inside the church; and the misbehavior of those who never see the inside of a church is so great it is enough to tempt a man to become a Christian to get out of their company. But in all circles, religious and irreligious, the tendency is to excuse sin in proportion as it is mammoth. Even John Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," while he condemns Satan, gives such a grand description of him you have hard work to suppress your admiration. Oh, this straining out of small sins like gnats, and this gulping down great iniquities like camels!

This subject does not give the picture of one or two persons, but is a gallery in which thousands of people may see their likenesses. For instance, all those people who, while they would not rob their neighbor of a farthing, appropriate the money and the treasure of the public. A man has a house to sell, and he tells his customer it is worth $20,000. Next day the assessor comes around and the owner says it is worth $15,000. The government of the United States took of the tax from personal income, among other reasons because so few people would tell the truth, and many a man with an income of hundreds of dollars a day made statements which seemed to imply he was about to be handed over to the overseer of the poor. Careful to pay their passage from Liverpool to New York, yet smuggling in their Saratoga trunk ten silk dresses from Paris and a half dozen watches from Geneva, Switzerland, telling the custom-house officer on the wharf, "There is nothing in that trunk but wearing apparel," and putting a five-dollar gold piece in his hand to punctuate the statement.

But lest any might think they escape the scrutiny of the text, I have to tell you that we all come under the divine satire when we make the questions of time more prominent than the questions of eternity. Come now, let us all go into the confessional. Are not all tempted to make the question, Where shall I live now? greater than the question, Where shall I live forever? How shall I get more dollars here? greater than the question, How shall I lay up treasures in heaven? the question, How shall I pay my debts to man? greater than the question, How shall I meet my obligations to God? the question, How shall I gain the world? greater than the question, What if I lose my soul? the question, Why did God let sin come into the world? greater than the question, How shall I get it extirpated from my nature? the question, What shall I do with the twenty or forty or seventy years of my existence? greater than the question, What shall I do with the millions of cycles of my post-terrestrial existence? Time, how small it is! Eternity, how vast it is! The former more insignificant in comparison with the latter than a gnat is insignificant when compared with a camel. We dodged the text. We said, "That doesn't mean me, and that doesn't mean me," and with a ruinous benevolence we are giving the whole sermon away.

But let us all surrender to the charge. What an ado about things here. What poor preparation for a great eternity. As though a minnow were larger than a behemoth, as though a swallow took wider circuit than an albatross, as though a nettle were taller than a Lebanon cedar, as though a gnat were greater than a camel, as though a minute were longer than a century, as though time were higher, deeper, broader than eternity. So the text which flashed with lightning of wit as Christ uttered it, is followed by the crashing thunders of awful catastrophe to those who make the questions of time greater than the questions of the future, the oncoming, over-shadowing future. O eternity! Eternity! Eternity!

Catarrh Can't be Cued

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Tewfik as Haroun Alraschid.

The khedive, oddly enough for an Oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell stories of his experiences with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool sunrise hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens of Ghizireh, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in 'ere, you know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for the fat little trimmer.

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Ah, yer look like it. Bustin' times, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. Would he stand six shilling a day? What sort of feller is he?"

And then, alas! the sergeant coming round recognized and saluted the khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

Rev. William P. Evans, a Lutheran clergyman in Baltimore, has resigned his charge to enter the Episcopal church. He goes immediately to take a parish in Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

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MEDICAL DISCOVERY
Takes hold in this order:
Bowels,
Liver,
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Driving everything before it that ought to be out.
You know whether you need it or not.
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We used to hear that consumption was curable if one took it in hand in time; but people in general had to regard it as fatal.

Since we know more about it, we know how to fight it. Now we do begin in time. We begin before you suspect any danger.

Our means are CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. Shall we send you a book on both? Free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

"Co. F's Babe."

THAT incident related in THE BLADE, recently, by J. K. P. Harmon, and which occurred early in September, 1862, was amusing, as well as shocking to the nervous system of one so young. I was just 16, weighed 100 pounds, was the youngest, smallest lad in the company, and was therefore dubbed "Co. F's Babe," an appellation which I carried to the end of the service.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which the incident mentioned occurred, some of us had just received our equipage, consisting of uniforms, blankets, guns, revolvers, sabers and their attachments, and had not had time to familiarize ourselves with them; yet I felt perfectly safe, surrounded by armed comrades, and was sleeping the innocent sleep of the green youth that I was, dreaming of great achievements for "Uncle Sam," when all of a sudden the racket burst upon us in the dark like a cyclone. After making my "dive" and exit through the tent door, I bit open a box of pistol cartridges and proceeded to load my revolver in such a nervous hurry that I bent the rammer so that it would never go back in place, nor back into the scabbard. Then it was I thought I had played "whaler;" and as Col. S. was just then making blue waves in the air with his very impressive soldier vocabulary (soldiers don't exercise all their privileges who don't "cuss" some) this added not a little to my confusion; yet, amid all this chaos, the idea struck me that the old colonel had gotten himself around an overcharge of *spiritus frumenti*, or as old uncle Ruben Bomar would say, a "right smart of de information;" for said he, "White folks is de berry debel for de information" (whisky).

Those of us who were not mounted (many were not) of course went on foot, and passed the remainder of the night maneuvering and standing in line of battle and staring at space, that we expected every moment to be filled up with rebs. When we found the true meaning of all the racket we were greatly humiliated, on account of being imposed on in such a manner; however, we had many real hardships to bear before we were fully initiated into the big job we had undertaken. Many were the criticisms passed upon us by grim old soldiers, and epithets innumerable, such as "What nice riders; guess they are good on the run; regular dust kickers; Stokes's jayhawkers; buttermilk rangers," etc., till we saw through it all and eventually took up the cue ourselves, when opportunity afforded other raw recruits.

I will close this article by addressing J. K. P. Harmon (Polk), who was Co. F's bugler. Come, Polk, sound roll-call, and let us begin at A, and run on down the line 'till we come to H, when we have J. K. P. Harmon, T. L. Hurt, W. P. Hitt, or Harmon Hurt Hitt, or Hitt Hurt Harmon. Let the old roll stand just as it was 30 years ago, or nearly so.—C. B. KING, Co. F. 5th Tenn. Cav.

They Never Returned.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—What's the matter with Co. H, 89th Wis. Vol. Inft? In reading the Camp Fire column, I notice Comrade Harmon's account of a "false alarm," which was laid to Forrest, as was almost everything else on his side of the fence in that section of the country. Our regiment, in 1864, was encamped three or four miles south of Memphis, Tenn. Well, one night some time in the latter part of August, a little after dark, our gentlemanly little orderly sergeant was slipping around through Co. H, making a detail for one of those nocturnal raids, so common to some of Co. H. I asked Jimmy, as the most of us called him, what was on for the night, but he didn't know. The orders were to leave at 8 o'clock. A detail of twenty men, from same company in the right wing, soon marched in to Co. H's street. Then we knew who was to lead that squad—it was Capt. T., of our company. Orders were soon given to "fall in," and we started on our way to the lines, with four men mounted and 40 on foot. Three miles to the lines, and four outside, and we were halted, deployed to the right and left of the road, with orders not to leave our guns. The mounted men held a short consultation, then two rode ahead to see if everything was all right. In about two hours we concluded that the two men, as far as we knew, were all right! These two gentlemen, it seems had come on our camp, saying they were tired of fighting the Yanks, and said they knew where we could bag thirteen of the worst bushwhackers in that part of the country, by just going after them. Well, we got back into camp before daylight; but it leaked out, just the same, and I don't think Capt. T. has ever heard anything from those two gentlemen since.—C. H. WRIGHT, Co. H, 89th Wis. Vol. Inft.

They Walked Chalk.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On May 21, 1863, my regiment was with Gen. Banks's army, in Louisiana, and led the way to Plains's store, near Port Hudson, when we had a little brush with the "boys in gray." My company was on the skirmish line, about half a mile from the store, and I was on the left flank, being separated from the company (with brush between us) nearly 150 yards.

Presently I noticed an object directly in front, which I took to be a man, prone upon the ground. I laid my revolving rifle across my horse, the animal being between the object and myself, and called to the supposed person to come out; but receiving no answer, I fired three shots in rapid succession. This brought to their feet two Johnnies, and I ordered them to drop their guns and march up to me.

I was preoccupied with the rebs and had failed to observe that my company had fallen back, and I alone remained the only Yankee endeavoring to "stand off" an entire brigade. I wanted to get out of that, yet I hated to part with my two friends, who had already become very sociable! I mounted my horse and told the Johnnies to run in front. The weather was rather warm, the rebs were somewhat corpulent, and I had to keep insisting on them to hurry, by riding close onto their heels. When we had proceeded 200 yards, however, a member of my company appeared on the scene, and together we took the two Johnnies upon our horses, behind us, joined the remainder of our company, and safely landed the prisoners back with our reserve.—DAN T. EDWARDS, Co. A, 6th Ills. Cav. Vols.

At Rock Island Prison.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—From a neighbor I get to see THE BLADE, and I read the Camp Fire letters, some of which are really amusing to an old Johnny reb. I belonged to Gen. E. E. Walthall's Brig., in the 29th Miss. I was captured at Lookout Mountain and sent to Rock Island prison. Barrack No. 9 was my home for nearly 16 months. Col. Johnson, Col. Schaffner, Lieut. Layton and Capt. Collins were in charge December 3, 1863, when we arrived. These were nice men. Our guards were the old Gray Beards from Iowa, and they were good old men. A young man named Reid was our first Yankee orderly sergeant, with two file closers. Mr. Reid was later promoted to sergeant major. He was a nice man, also, and a middle-aged man, Arthur Crawford, from Scroggsfield, O., took his place, and remained with us and Barrack No. 23, until his time expired, when he went home. We all thought Mr. Crawford too good a man to be a Yank. I would like to meet him now, and talk over old times. When the Gray-beards' time was out, as the Yanks called them, some 100-day men took their places, and they were bent on putting a bullet into a rebel on the least provocation. When their time was out, in came the 108th Ky. Vols., negro troops. Some of us had known some of them before the war, and their old masters some being raised up in the same yard with the rebels. We got along with the negroes pretty well. I do not recollect that at any time two rebels ever attempted to scale the walls and were killed by the 108th Ky. I was one of the C. T. K's, and was pretty well posted on a good many things inside and outside the parapets. One of my company, barrack No. 8, made his escape while out on detail, working on the river, and is now in Atlanta. Joe Richards, from barracks 6, got a blue uniform while on detail outside, and wore it under the gray. He made a wooden revolver, colored it with ink, placed it in his belt, walked out as a Yankee orderly and got to Alabama safely. Ben Pickett and Comrade King, of barrack No. 9, gave a guard of the 108th Ky. Vols. a gold watch worth $150, to pull them over from a short ladder on the inside, which was removed by a friend. John Fowls, orderly of the 23d, from Versailles, Ky., was pulled over by well, never mind who. He got to Cincinnati, and owing to a robbery in the house that night, two letters, which he had written, gave him away. He was brought back. Mr. Crawford called the roll at each of the barracks, 9 and 23, and men in these barracks knew his file closer, John Campbell (from Golconda, Ill.) and people near Nashville, Tenn. So we were not strangers up that way. Calahan, who was killed by the guard, was laying flat on the ground, with his head against the parapet wall, near barrack No. 13. He was about 6 feet 3 inches, and his friends claimed he had bribed a guard to pull him over the wall; but owing to the other parties getting away, poor Calahan was killed. There were plenty of men left in barrack No. 9 who petitioned to take the oath, but never got it while we were there. There were 2,056 men who sent their names out to take "yallow dog" as we called the oath then. Of these 669 joined the United States navy, two of them from No. 9. How many joined the army to go out to the frontier, I never found out; 1,156 died, so my notes say. I left in March, 1865. All will remember January 1, 1864, and a few kindred days.—JOHNNY REB, 20th Miss.

Burning the Barracks.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—We were ordered from Mt. Clemens, near Lake St. Clair, Mich., to Washington. When we had gone about 80 rods we looked back, and saw our camp, or barracks, which we had just vacated all ablaze. It was an interesting sight, but a costly occurrence for Uncle Sam. It was rumored that a Detroit soldier threw a shovelful of coals into his bunk for the purpose of making it hot for those "gray creatures," that bothered the "boys in blue." We were kept out of our pay for nearly six months, the authorities hoping thereby to find the culprit. Will the fellow who did this quarantine work so long ago, please rise and explain?

I would like to hear from the 1st Mich. Cav., Co. K—especially the man who had the ball that passed over my shoulders and under my horse's neck. He was brought to the ground by the shock, and yelled like a crazy Indian. I saw him in Co. K, near Front Royal, Shenandoah Valley, when the attack began. He disappeared while on the charge; never saw or heard of him afterward. Where is "Infant," of Co. K? I was with Sheridan and Grant in Virginia in 1864 and 1865. I saw some hot battles; was a prisoner in Libby. I did some shooting, but can boast of no hospital record. I went for service and did my best to punish the Rebs. I never took any except the "top rail" for cooking the porkers that sometimes "came in the way" of our regiment. I often slept on a rail bed, during drenching rains, with my haversack for a pillow. Those who wore the blue are getting scarce this way. I have had enough of war without "shaming" at reunions. I have never been wounded, but had many narrow escapes, and shall never forget the music of the bullets as they went whizzing past.—C. H. PIERCE, Co. K, 1st Mich. Cav.

Slippery as an Eel.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While we were encamped at Pine Bluff, Ark., in January, 1865, a detail was sent out on a scout. We ran across some rebels and had quite a brush with them, capturing 40 or 50 prisoners. Among them was an orderly sergeant named Billy Marks. He inquired of the guards what they intended doing with the prisoners. The answer was, take them to Little Rock. The sergeant said he had been taken prisoner three times before, and had always managed its escape, and stated that he was not going to Little Rock. The officer of the day sent a detail to Lee Coffman, ordering him to report to the captain, who remarked that if any one could take Billy, Lee was that man. The captain told Coffman to take Billy dead or alive. We started back to camp January 30, reaching our destination on the 31st. We arrived all safe with our prisoner. He was then put on board a boat, bound for Little Rock, and given in charge of the guards on the boat. When about half way to Little Rock, Billy jumped overboard and made good his escape. I would like to hear from the old "Bloody 106th."—NELSON L. MOORMAN, Co. F., 106th Ills. Inft.

The Minnehaha Home.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—It may be of interest to many of the comrades to know about the Minnesota Soldiers' home. The Minnehaha home, as it is called, is one of the most picturesque places on the Upper Mississippi, in Minnesota. It is on the peninsula formed by Minnehaha creek and the Mississippi river—a natural park—about 200 feet above the level of those streams, and commanding a view of Minnehaha falls on one side and the Mississippi on the other.

Every thing in and about the home seems to be first-class, although the structure is not yet finished and ornamented as it will be. Minneapolis on one side, and St. Paul on the other, contain thousands of G. A. R. comrades, and noble hearted ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps, who keep a watchful eye on this home; and I do not believe the state could find better hearted officers to command at the home, than its present commander, Captain McMillen and Adjutant Capt. H. Van Brunt.—O. J. OWENS, Co. K, 3d. Wisconsin Infantry.

Wanted Information.

Requests of this sort will be inserted in the department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

WANTED—The postoffice addresses of comrades who knew James C. Crawford, Co. F, 14th O. V. I., enlisted at Napoleon, O.; desire information as to whether he had lung trouble while in the service.—MRS. CATHERINE E. CRAWFORD, No. 1200 Clay street, Springfield, Mo.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French and English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
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We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.
"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.
After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—MRS. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 16th, 1891.
Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to Mothers mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Sunday School.

The King in Zion.

LESSON II., SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1892.

Golden Text—Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.—Psa. 2: 12.

LESSON TEXT.
(Psa. 2: 1-12.)

1. Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?
2. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,
3. Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.
4. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.
5. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.
6. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.
7. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.
8. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
9. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10. Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.
12. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Why do the people imagine a vain thing? (v. 1.) Sure enough! Why do any people imagine that they can make anything out of disobeying God? Why do they suppose that they can gain in the long run by cheating, or stealing, or lying? Why do they think that they shall fare any better than those who have gone before them, if they begin a course of evil doing? A great many people do have these foolish imaginings. They think it is safe for them to buy lottery tickets, or to stake their money in gambling. They are unwilling to believe that there is no hope of their getting safely out of trouble, if once they start in the use of money which is not their own. They cannot think that moderate drinking is imminent danger for them. They fancy that in one way or another they shall be taken care of, if they won't take care of themselves; that if they refuse salvation on its only terms so long as they have a choice in the matter, salvation will somehow be forced on them when they can refuse no longer. "Why do the people imagine a vain thing?"

Set themselves, and take counsel together, against the Lord (v. 2). God is on the side of right—actively on that side. God is against the wrong—aggressively so. Whoever decides to do wrong must reckon on God's opposition to his wrong-doing. In all planning and attempting of evil a man practically defies God. His only hope of success is through God's overthrow. This is the plain truth of the sinner's course. Do you expect to carry out your purposes of evil to ultimate victory? If you do you must triumph over God to begin with. Do you think you can do that? You are for God, or against God. Which is it?

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh (v. 4). What a laughing stock these opposers of God make of themselves! And what a serious thing they count their work at which God laughs! They write a little book which overthrows Genesis. They publish a little paper which shows the wickedness of Christianity. They deliver an address from the chair of a scientific association, which proves the baselessness of revealed religion. They get up a public meeting to declare against Sunday laws and the suppression of vice. In a country lyceum, or in a village store, they tell of the explosion of the myths of religion. They really believe that through their brave efforts God and the devil are dead, and Christianity is nowhere. He that sitteth in the heavens laughs at their performance. And, after all, what more fitting reception of their work than a laugh at its folly?

Yet I have set my king upon my holy hill (v. 6). All the oppositions of evil men, and foolish ones, have not hindered the kingship of Christ. While the Bible is being scoffed at as unworthy of credence, its truths are being accepted far more widely than before. While prayer is being shown incompatible with the laws of nature, God is answering prayers by the millions. While Christianity is being reckoned an antiquated religion, Christianity is making new triumphs to the very ends of the earth, and holding a larger share than ever of the peoples, who had already embraced it. Every blow struck at the religion of of Jesus is overruled of God to help forward that religion. Every sneer at its power is used by him to give new confidence to its disciples. God has set his King upon his holy hill; and all the kingdoms of the earth shall submit to it, or shall fall before it.

Now therefore be wise; be instructed (v. 10). God does not merely laugh at the folly of those who oppose him. He counsels them to be wise. He urges them to receive instruction. They shall have wisdom if they want it. They need not go on untaught. Wherever there is one who wants to know his duty, God stands ready to give him intelligent guidance. No man goes astray, or keeps astray, because he can not learn the right way. Yet if men were only wise, would only be instructed; if only they understood fully what are the purposes and what is the spirit of Jesus—how could they fall of submitting themselves reverently and trustfully to his control? "Now, therefore, be wise, be instructed."

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him (v. 12). It is a good thing to trust heartily and always in the Lord Jesus. It is a source of courage, a source of comfort, a source of hope. There is no blessing to be compared to this trust. It includes all other blessings; and it is a guard against all possible dangers and drawbacks in life—and in death. It is more than health, and wealth, and reputation, and loved ones. It gives value to these when they are ours; and it more than atones for the lack of them all. If you intelligently put your trust in the Lord Jesus, you have, or you can have, all that you need for the life that is, or for the life that is to come.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

Premature Signs of Spring.

The robin comes this time of year
And then we feel that spring is here,
But robin is no sooner in
Than we have a hail get matters mixed.
A blizzard and a fall of snow,
Then where's the spring, we'd like to know?
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Sample lot of envelopes with your address printed on, 50c. Send 2c. stamp. Schaff, Printer, Chambersburg, Pa.

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This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease, Consumption, DON'T FAIL to use it. 25c., 50c. and $1.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla is more successful than any other preparation for imparting to the machinery of life all the conditions necessary to Health

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 107,000.

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A "SUM" IN DIVISION.

The above illustrates the extreme cheapness of THE BLADE. Examine this paper carefully, and see if you do not find in its columns matters of interest and information worth many times the cent and a fraction it costs. Only *one dollar* a year!

WALT WHITMAN.

The most unique literary personality that the United States ever produced has passed away. WALT WHITMAN is dead. Poet he was, in truth—within his soul burned the true poetic fire; but never was there poet who was so incapable of expression through ordinary poetic forms. The mechanism of English verse, the rules of metrical composition, he serenely disregarded, unless he was graciously pleased to employ them. In form his poesy was indeed a "wild, barbaric yawp;" but in spirit it was as true poetry as any master of English verse ever wrote, from CHAUCER to TENNYSON.

Measured by the usual standard of success—the accumulation of wealth—WHITMAN'S long life was not a successful one. Measured by the standard of things for which he cared, and which he deemed alone worthy, it was a shining success. He was superior to his bodily environment; his rugged nature sought the truth, and the poverty and misfortune which marked his whole career did not disturb his calm serenity of soul. He left behind him neither lands nor gold, but the literary world has a precious heritage in his work—of which much will live, and in time to come be regarded as examples of the most genuine and virile creations of American poetic genius.

Not many months ago, as the "good gray poet" sat tranquilly awaiting the end which has now come, he wrote the following "Invocation," which is a good example of his erratic versification as well as of the true spirit of poetry:

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortressed house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,
Set open the doors, O soul!

Tenderly, be not impatient,
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O love!)

And with eyes prophetic he pictures, in the following graphic and weird lines, yet full of pathos, the passing of the soul from its earthly tenement:

Whispers of heavenly death murmured I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing.
(Or is it the flashing of lamps? the measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just see skyward, great cloud masses,
Wonderfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With, at times, a half-dimm'd, sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing,
(Some parturition rather, some solemn, immortal birth:
On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable
Some soul is passing over.)

THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN AND THE BLADE.

The Weekly BLADE will be a very important political paper during the coming Presidential campaign. It will be the great champion of Republicanism, and educator of the people in protection, reciprocity and honest money, in the political battle in which our American industries are threatened and the stability and value of our currency attacked. We propose to make the editorial page of THE BLADE a ready arsenal of facts and arguments, that Republicans may have them at hand to answer Democratic claims, and to strengthen their own confidence in the party which they know to be the safeguard of the nation. In order to give it the circulation its merits demand we

Propose to Make a Price

to agents that will do this. At present we have made special yearly terms to Republican Clubs and Campaign Committees who may desire to give THE BLADE a wide circulation during the campaign. We will send those special terms, on request, to any committeeman or officer of any Republican club. About May 1 we shall have ready campaign terms for six months' subscribers to The Weekly BLADE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

SALISBURY REFUSES.

While the full text of SALISBURY'S reply to the note of this government insisting on a renewal of the *modus vivendi* regarding the Bering Sea seal fisheries for the season beginning on May 1, it is known that he refuses. The formal reply is not yet received, the cable of Sunday night being of the nature of a bulletin, indicative of the contents of the longer reply to follow. The interpretation put upon this bulletin at Washington is that, while Great Britain will not agree to a renewal of the *modus vivendi* pending arbitration, she will not object to our protecting the seals.

It is to be hoped that President HARRISON will at once put on foot the most energetic measures to protect the remnant of the once enormous herds of seals that swarmed the waters of Bering Sea. The naval force of the nation should be sent there, if necessary, to enforce the President's proclamation; and it should be made so hot for the poachers that not one vessel of the fleet already prepared to engage in wholesale thieving should escape capture and confiscation.

"RIGDON'S CASTLE."

Every young reader of THE BLADE will find the opening chapters of "Rigdon's Castle," in Our Young Folks' department, very interesting, and we can assure them that the succeeding portions of the story will be still more readable. While written for the young, it stands the surest test of such a story—it is as interesting to those of older growth as it is to children. Read it and see.

MR. SALISBURY may pull the eagle's tail once too often.

OUR BALANCE OF TRADE.

Some little time ago we published an editorial paragraph giving the totals of our export and import trade for the twelve months ending Nov. 30 last, to show that we were buying less and selling more, and therefore making money. We remarked that "this gratifying fact is worth more to the country than all the theories of the free traders." This has provoked the ire of a correspondent of the Morris (Minn.) *Tribune*, who takes two columns to attack us. He says "not long ago I asked a Democratic editor for a good protectionist paper, which I wished to read, and he recommended the Toledo BLADE as one of the most honest protection papers in the land." We are obliged to that editorial friend—who evidently knows an honest and fair paper when he sees it—for that advice; and we propose showing the gentleman himself that the position THE BLADE took in the paragraph he criticises is honest, and not based upon juggling with figures. We have not the monthly Treasury statistical reports for the twelvemonth referred to, but we will take the first seven months of the present fiscal year—from July 1 last to January 30—the Treasury report for which is before us. These seven months' totals, compared with the same seven months of the previous year, are as follows:

SEVEN MONTHS' TOTALS.

	1891.	1892.
Value imports free of duty	$176,320,673	$242,891,128
Value imports dutiable	298,250,164	215,502,561
Totals	474,570,837	458,393,689
Value exports, domestic	541,102,350	643,345,857
Value exports, foreign mdse.	6,624,000	7,917,674
Total exports	$547,726,350	$651,263,531
Excess of exports	73,155,513	192,869,842

We sold over 192 million dollars' worth of merchandise more than we bought during those seven months. This does not include gold and silver. The totals for these are as follows for the same seven months:

	Imports.	Exports.
Gold coin	$10,218,638	$ 391,348
Gold bullion	31,907,222	7,088,153
U. S. Silver coin	3,080,671	8,621,576
U. S. Silver bullion	9,878,461	78,205
Total	$55,180,992	16,179,282
Exports foreign coin and bullion		$13,065,232
Total exports		$29,244,514
Excess of imports		25,936,478

Combining the values of merchandise, gold and silver coin and bullion, for these seven months, and the grand total stands thus:

Total exports	$630,508,045
Total imports	513,574,681
Net excess of exports	$166,933,364

These figures certainly will disabuse the mind of our critic of his assumption that our gold and silver exports more than destroy the merchandise balance in our favor. Had we the figures for the period on which our former paragraph was based, we would give them, to show his error. These, however, are the next best, and are of more value to the general reader, because they are fresher. We expect him to be frank enough to admit his error, and to acknowledge that the net balance of trade in our favor given above—$166,933,364—represents our profits, as a nation, from our foreign trade for the seven months ended January 31 last. That he may see what we exported and imported, we give, from the same Treasury monthly report, the following table, showing the items. The abbreviation "n. e. s.," means "not elsewhere specified:"

IMPORTS FREE OF DUTY.

Articles.	1892.
Animals, n. e. s.	$ 1,130,442
Articles returned	2,602,707
Art works	231,159
Books, maps, etc., n. e. s.	1,121,664
Chemicals, drugs and dyes, n. e. s.	16,908,429
Cocoa, or cacao, crude	1,619,490
Coffee	62,572,082
Corkwood, or cork bark	690,505
Cotton, unmanufactured	1,810,573
Farinaceous substances, n. e. s.	162,971
Fertilizers	1,181,492
Fruits, including nuts, n. e. s.	5,248,463
Furs and fur skins, undressed	1,770,120
Hair, n. e. s.	1,030,257
Hats, bonnets, etc., n. e. s.	978,496
Hides and skins other than furs	16,977,781
Household effects, etc.	1,703,877
India rubber, crude	9,467,952
Ivory, animal	441,250
Matting for floors, etc.	709,634
Oils, n. e. s.	2,117,799
Ores, silver bearing	5,718,870
Paper stock, crude	2,940,526
Silk, manufactured	15,712,413
Spices, unground	1,511,883
Sugar and molasses, n. e. s.	92,105,377
Tea	11,852,690
Textile grasses, etc.	8,553,046
Tin, bars, blocks or pigs	4,244,228
Wood, unmanufactured, n. e. s.	3,075,034
All other articles	6,868,079
Total free of duty	$242,891,128

DUTIABLE IMPORTS.

Animals, n. e. s.	1,775,108
Art works, n. e. s.	1,358,195
Books, maps, etc., n. e. s.	1,329,929
Breadstuffs: barley	1,250,697
Breadstuffs: all other	2,253,344
Bristles	844,664
Cement	2,613,443
Chemicals, drugs and dyes, n. e. s.	8,087,751
Clocks and watches	1,270,642
Coal, bituminous	2,875,017
Cotton manufactures of	16,277,723
Earthenware	5,587,457
Feathers and artificial flowers	1,795,174
Fish	3,382,727
Flax, hemp, jute, etc.: Unmanf'd	1,581,869
Manufactures of	15,194,613
Fruits, includ'g nuts, n. e. s.	7,131,613
Furs and manufactures of	3,913,249
Glass and glassware	5,260,435
Hats, bonnets, etc., n. e. s.	
Hay	350,281
Hops	480,810
Iron and steel: Iron ore	1,599,249
Manufactures of: Tinplates	4,123,379
All other	2,145,521
Jewelry and precious stones	7,470,345
Leather and manufactures of	7,481,858
Malt liquors	983,279
Marble and stone and manuf'es of	705,161
Metal, mixed comp'n, etc., n. e. s.	4,125,146
Musical instruments	642,499
Oils, n. e. s.	938,116
Paints and colors	768,446
Paper, and manufactures of	1,001,467
Provisions	1,117,908
Rice	1,389,952
Salt	433,598
Seeds	617,719
Silk, manufactures of	18,317,850
Spirits, distilled	1,127,342
Sugar and molasses, n. e. s.	496,524
Tobacco, leaf	5,080,343
Manufactures of	1,680,284
Toys	1,801,823
Vegetables	1,637,736
Wines	4,958,020
Wood and manufactures of, n. e. s.	8,763,952
Wools: Unmanufactured	12,161,189
Manufactures of	22,542,119
All other dutiable articles	10,419,652
Total dutiable	215,502,561
Total value imports of mdse	458,393,689

DOMESTIC EXPORTS.

Agricultural implements	1,505,823
Animals: Cattle	18,184,412
All other	816,654
Books, maps and engravings	1,276,669
Breadstuffs: Corn and cornmeal	20,173,768
Wheat and wheat flour	139,001,803
All other	14,373,405
Carriages and cars	2,252,270
Chemicals, drugs and dyes	3,928,453
Clocks and watches	801,278
Coal	5,087,275
Copper ore	2,910,614
Manufactures of	5,667,025
Cotton: unmanufactured	178,161,982
Manufactures of	7,584,121
Fertilizers	1,168,144
Fish	3,070,783
Flax, hemp and jute manufact'rs	1,137,308
Fruits, including nuts	4,904,931
Furs and fur skins	2,123,923
Grease and soap stock	740,155
Hides and skins, other than furs	764,597
Hops	2,194,15
India rubber and manufactur's of	841,371
Instruments for scientific use	928,398
Iron and steel	18,185,800
Leather and manufactures of	7,374,198
Marble and stone	884,027
Musical instruments	727,304
Naval stores	5,952,852
Oil cake and meal	5,330,782
Oils: Animal	635,734
Mineral—Crude	3,043,969
Refined—manufactured	24,120,418
Vegetable	3,147,319
Paper, and manufactures of	765,108
Paraffine and paraffine wax	2,351,031
Provisions: Meat products	73,532,810
Dairy products	7,077,637
Seeds	5,480,551
Soap	892,045
Spirits, distilled	1,138,787
Sugar and molasses	1,137,448
Tobacco: unmanufactured	14,784,794
Manufactured	2,415,493
Vegetables	1,841,242
Wood and manufactures of	3,780,709
All other articles	12,011,020
Total value exp'ts domestic mer.	643,345,857
Total value exp'ts foreign mdse.	7,917,674
Grand total	$651,263,531

As to exports and imports of gold coin, it is not strictly correct to count them with the merchandise. That which went abroad last fall was to pay for American bonds and stocks owned abroad, whose owners, for reasons we do not clearly know on this side of the Atlantic, desired to dispose of, hence they came here to find a market. That which came here was to settle the trade balance owing us. Bullion is an article of merchandise, and is properly considered as such.

We have no reply to make to the insinuations of unfairness in the arguing of the tariff. The error is on the other side. Our Minnesota critic will learn, when he gets older, that sensible men are swayed by facts, not by wild charges and demagogic rant.

A FUTILE POLITICAL SCHEME.

Some few weeks since we advanced, in reply to a reader's queries, some reasons why the political Prohibitionist party does not increase in voting strength. Among other things, we said:

> Now, of the men who believe in Prohibition, some believe also in protection; some believe in free trade; some believe in the free silver fallacy; some are for honest money, and some go in for unlimited greenbacks, on the Farmers' Alliance plan. These questions are the issues on which the political fight this year hinges. Can the political Prohibition party take any stand on these questions? Of course not. If it took protective ground, the free trade Prohibitionists would not vote its ticket.

And so we went on to show that for the party to take a position on either side of either of these questions would drive off voters who believed the opposite; while if the party is silent on these questions—which are so important that every intelligent person is deeply interested in them—voters will not affiliate with it, because by voting its ticket, they would throw away their votes on the currency and tariff questions.

The New York *Voice* quotes the paragraph from THE BLADE which we reproduce above, and comments thereon in the following manner:

> The logic is, of course, irresistible. But by applying it a little further back in the century we find that it was impossible for the Republican party ever to have united the free trader, Hannibal Hamlin, and the protectionist, Abraham Lincoln; the Democrat, Salmon P. Chase, and the Whig, Charles Sumner; the Greenbacker, Solon Chase, and John Sherman. Consequently history must be wrong in saying there ever was a Republican party, since THE BLADE'S logic shows it was impossible, and history must be equally wrong when it says the Prohibition party has for years been taking a stand on these very issues spoken of. It is a bad day for history.

We really wonder whether the *Voice's* readers are as silly as its editorial writer presumes them to be, judging from the above extract? We doubt if they are. The Republican party was called into being to resist the aggressions of slavery by opposing the extension of that system into the territories; all other questions were in abeyance; and old Henry Clay Whigs and Free Soil Democrats; low tariff men and high tariff men; "Native Americans" and foreign-born citizens, united under its banner, sinking all other questions as of minor importance. Hence HAMLIN and LINCOLN, CHASE and SUMNER, all stood side by side in the Republican ranks, giving not a thought to other political questions in the presence of the supreme issue presented by the efforts of the friends of slavery to extend it into the territories—just as the supporters of honest money will stand, in the coming campaign, side by side to prevent the ruin that would follow the change in our standard of values that would be inevitable under free coinage at the present ratio, whether they favor prohibition or are opposed to it.

We may mention that we have received several letters asking us to say something about the circulation of pledges to vote the political Prohibitionist ticket this year—to which the *Voice* is endeavoring to obtain a million signatures. First, there are not a million names of voters can be obtained to such a pledge. Second, no man who is freeman at heart will pledge his ballot months in advance, especially when he knows that, even were a million voters to agree to vote that ticket, it would not be elected. The scheme is one primarily to advertise the *Voice*, and secondarily to endeavor to have the Prohibition party make a gain over its vote of 1888—which it will not. Third, every man of good common sense will this fall support the policy in which he believes as to currency and the tariff, by voting the ticket of the party which advocates it. These questions are up for the decision of the people, and they are the only questions which will be decided. Every voter who votes otherwise merely throws away his vote. It counts for nothing in the popular verdict.

The hope of building up a great national party based on Prohibition is one which the event will show to be vain. The fundamental error is in assuming that a separate party is the first thing needed. Did it need a separate party to secure the adoption of the Australian ballot in the United States? No, for a majority of the intelligent men of both parties were convinced of its value in preventing fraud. Does it need the organization of a new party to secure legislation to set on foot a reform in road-making, which is just now being advocated everywhere? The thing needed in these or in any other case, is to convince a large majority of the people that the reform is a proper and necessary one. That being done, the reform is speedily accomplished. It does not need a political crusade to carry it out. Prohibition will come when a large majority of the people in any state are convinced it is the only remedy for the admitted evils of the Rum traffic. But they will never be convinced of this so long as their advocates demand the abandonment of all other issues, and the immediate joining of a party whose stock in trade is unmeasured vilification and abuse of all other political parties. The political Prohibition party will never

Pulverize the Rum Power.

WE WANT NAMES!

The preparations are beginning for the greatest political battle for the Presidency that we have had since the war era. We shall make THE BLADE invaluable to the Republican cause, and we wish to extend its circulation accordingly. Send us names of people who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them each a free sample copy.

THE free trade argument concerning free wool does not hang together. The theorists say to the workingmen: "A removal of the duties will make wool cheaper and give us lower priced clothing."

To the farmers they say: "A removal of the duties will stimulate the manufacture of woolen fabrics, and create such a demand for wool that sheep raisers will get higher prices for it."

There is no way of harmonizing them. If one be true the other is false. In point of actual fact, neither is true.

ALL the strength of the Eastern Democracy is turned toward carrying Rhode Island for the Democrats. The Tammany chieftains are immigrating into the little state, and all the corrupt political methods known to the worst element in New York are being used. It is a desperate contest, but the chances are now for Republican success.

RUSSIA WILL TAKE A HAND.

The Bering sea question has taken on a new phase. The Russian minister has given the President assurances that Russia will co-operate with us in protecting the seals in Bering sea from poachers. This has a very important bearing on the matter, as will be seen by the following sysnopsis of the origin of the dispute between ourselves and Great Britain:

When Russia owned Alaska and the Aleutian islands, she claimed control over the whole of Bering sea, and not simply within the three-mile limit from shore which is granted by international law. Russia assumed Bering sea to be land-locked by her own shores, and hence to belong to her. She never allowed poaching on the seal fisheries, and treated all poachers as pirates—as she now does in the half of the sea which she retains.

When Russia sold Alaska and the Aleutian Islands to us, she conveyed all her rights, whatever they were, over the eastern half of Bering Sea. If it belonged to her, as she claimed, it now belongs to us. But since her purchase, the Canadian sealing vessels have been poaching in our half of the sea. They have so diminished the number of seals that there is danger of their total extinction.

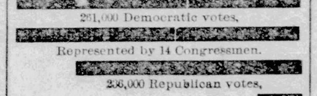
Several years ago, the United States took decided measures to stop this poaching. Canada remonstrated, and appealed to the imperial government at London. The British government, in its negotiations, took Canada's side, and denied that we have any special rights in the waters of the Bering Sea outside the three-mile limit. A treaty to arbitrate the whole dispute has been drawn up, which only needs the formal assent of the United States government and of the British Parliament to make it binding.

For the last two years we have had a temporary arrangement—a *modus vivendi*—by which the British government co-operated with our own to stop seal poaching in those waters, without prejudice to her claims in the contention. As the arbitration can not be concluded before the present sealing season is over, the United States government asked the British government to continue the *modus vivendi* during the present season. This Lord SALISBURY has refused to do, the note of refusal being covertly insulting.

To this President HARRISON has promptly replied "that if Great Britain declines to assist in the protection of the seals during the arbitration of the claims of the United States, he will proceed to enforce the laws and exclude poachers from Behring sea, if the military force of the United States is required to accomplish it." The relations of the two countries are strained, and war might easily result. Great Britain has declared war on slighter grounds than those in dispute between her and ourselves. Senator SHERMAN is quoted as saying that we are nearer war to-day with her than we have been since 1861.

Now comes Russia with an offer to co-operate with us in stopping the poachers. That means that she makes common cause with the United States in this dispute. Our claim, which England denies, was derived from Russia. If Great Britain goes to war to dispute our claim of jurisdiction, Russia will be at our side to aid in its maintenance. The news will, without doubt, create a sensation in English diplomatic circles, and cause Lord SALISBURY to materially modify his views—unless he is anxious to fight both us and Russia.

HERE is the Missouri gerrymander:



This is merely a sample of what can be done in a Democratic state to keep it Democratic.

STRANGER things have been brought to pass by the whirligig of time than that the ex-Empress FREDERICK, mother of Kaiser WILHELM, may become the female Bismarck of Germany. The young Emperor is afflicted with "otitis media," a chronic purulent inflammation of the middle ear, which is incurable, and whose end is insanity and death. In case of his death, his little son would become Emperor, with Prince HENRY, brother of WILHELM, as Regent. HENRY is much devoted to his mother, and in that case she would be his trusted confidential adviser.

Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, in his Friday evening talk at the Tabernacle, referring to a recent trip he made to Washington, thus spoke of President HARRISON:

> That well-worn jocosity about the big hat of the grandfather, President William Henry Harrison, being too ample for the grandson, President Benjamin Harrison, is a witticism that had better be folded up and put out of sight. Anybody who has carefully read the 120 addresses delivered by President Benjamin Harrison on his tour across the continent must know that he has three times the brains ever shown by his grandfather.

GOVERNOR PECK, of Wisconsin, the "Bad Boy" of the Democracy of that state, in a recent interview concerning Democratic Presidential candidates, made the following pungent remark: "No man, in my opinion, can be elected who hustles like a ward politician for the great office of President." It is hard to say whether Mr. PECK referred to HILL or CLEVELAND, as the remark applies with force to both.

A NEW figure is about to step into the arena of Ohio politics. JOHN A. LOGAN, jr., of Youngstown, is a candidate for delegate to the national Republican convention. It would be strange indeed if a son of General and Mrs. LOGAN would find it possible to keep aloof from politics.

ATHLETES are often over-trained, and as a consequence lose in the actual contest. Politicians are liable to over-train, with a similar result. DAVID B. HILL is the latest example of this.

IN 1888 the Democratic Presidential candidate was a "Cleveland bay;" that horse has changed color, and is now a "chestnut,"—according to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*.

HILL, of New York, is practically never in his seat in the United States Senate. However, he is not missed, as New York has two other Senators—HISCOCK and BRICE.

FULLY one-fifth of the bright tin plate used in the United States is now made here, and practically all of the terne plate used. Tell it to the free trade tin plate liars.

CAPRIVI is going to stay in office awhile longer. The question is not how long Emperor WILLIAM can stand him, but how long CAPRIVI can stand His Nibs.

THE whites in Louisiana have declared for the lottery. This shows that the negroes are not the "corrupt people" of the South.

SUGAR BEETS IN MICHIGAN.

Prof. R. C. KEDZIE, of Michigan State Agricultural College, at Lansing, has just issued a report on the experimental tests of sugar beet growing in that state during last year. He regards them as eminently successful. The culture was tried in sixteen counties, and the returns show an average of fifteen tons of beets to the acre, which the Professor estimates to be equivalent to $50 per acre in cash.

This is more profitable than wheat averaging 25 bushels per acre at last fall's prices. The most successful experiment was in Hillsdale county, in the southern part of Michigan—which adjoins Williams county, Ohio. Here the average was eighteen tons per acre, with 15 per cent of sugar, and the cost of growing was less than $1 a ton.

Professor KEDZIE thus summarizes his conclusions in favor of the beet sugar industry from the farmers' standpoint—for which we are indebted to the Detroit *Tribune:*

1.—It is a crop promising large money returns, outstripping wheat as a cash crop.

2.—It proposes a reliable market at home. The finished product, sugar, is in a concentrated form, costing little for transportation, and it is wanted at home. The glut in transporting a big wheat crop to foreign lands will not be realized in sugar. The transportation to market therefore is brought down to a low figure.

3.—Beet raising properly conducted does not exhaust the soil. The chemical materials removed in the finished product are only carbon and water—wind and water. The nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, etc., permanently carried off in wheat and other grains, are not found in sugar. The skillful culture of beets is found to be the best preparation for a grain crop, and has improved the capacity for soil production in Germany and France.

4.—Beet raising will compel high farming and thorough cultivation. To keep the soil from exhaustion the waste parts of the beets must directly or indirectly be returned to the soil. The tops and crowns not used in manufacturing, and the beet pulp from which the sugar has been extracted, make most excellent feed for fattening cattle. Thus stock-feeding becomes a necessary part of routine in a sugar-beet farm. Rotation of crops, also, because beets cannot be successfully raised in succession on the same soil. Beet raising compels good farming—a strong point in its favor.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial and scholarly "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," celebrated his eighty-second birthday last month. He fills a unique place in American literature, and his works are known and approved wherever the English language is spoken or read. And yet, if you were to take up the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or any of its reprints, you would not find a line about Dr. Holmes. The "plan of the work" excluded living men from its pages. But in the REVISED ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA the plan of the work is more in consonance with modern ideas. In its biographical department it is told where Dr. Holmes was born, where he was educated, how he entered the literary field, studied law and medicine, and how he achieved a reputation second to no man in the realm of letters. See offer on 7th page.

UNDER the title of "The Grand Old Party," the National League of Republican clubs has issued a new Republican text book, which contains in brief but pertinent and positive form of complete exposition of the existing principles of the Republican party and the arguments by which they are sustained. It is narrow in width, so that it can be carried in any pocket of ordinary size, and is intended to give the Republicans the foundation for political discussion in home and workshops, as well as on the platform. The officers of the National Republican league are: General J. S. CLARKSON, president; A. B. HUMPHREY, secretary, and ex-governor P. C. LOUNSBURY, treasurer. They are sending out large numbers of these text books to the league clubs. A copy should be in the hands of every voter in the land. The books can be purchased by any person, committee or organization at $1 per hundred. The address of the secretary is No. 202 Fifth avenue, New York city.

Now that the silver question is getting so vital, it is well to remember that President HARRISON, at Bennington, Vermont, last August, said:

> As long as the general government furnishes the money of the people for their great business transactions I believe we will insist, as I have said before, that every dollar issued, whether paper or coin, shall be as good and be kept as good as any other dollar that issues. [Cheers.] The parity, the equality of what we call dollars, must be preserved, or an element of uncertainty and of bankruptcy will be introduced into all business transactions. This I may say without crossing lines of division. How this end is to be attained I will not attempt to sketch; but I do not believe to say that I feel myself in the public interest pledged, so far as in me lies, to maintain that equality between our circulating money that is essential to the perfect use of all. [Prolonged applause.]

"FOR there is not one of the acts of tyrannical power complained of in the declaration of independence that would inflict such wide-spread disaster and permanent loss and suffering as that now claimed by the advocates of free coinage of silver at the mints of the United States, without regard to the actual value of the material of which coins are to be composed."—THOMAS F. BAYARD.

IT is probable that we will, sooner or later, have complete reciprocity with Mexico. Its chief products, except lead ore, do not compete with our own, and there is no good reason why Mexico should not agree to the closest possible commercial relations between the two countries.

THE Ohio man, always hospitable, never loses a chance to give a banquet. The Ohio Society of New York proposes to dine Hon. WHITELAW REID, on April 7, the date of the settling of the state at Marietta. Ohio has reason to be proud of Mr. REID.

MR. HOLMAN don't seem to be objecting very vigorously to the River and Harbor appropriations bill. The trouble with HOLMAN seems to be that he would pinch a widow's pension while "winking the other eye" at the big jobs.

NEW YORK'S legislature has at last passed a $300,000 World's Fair bill. That is better than we expected, after the silly howl against the fair which the Democratic press of New York city has been keeping up.

DESPITE the protests of those who are afraid Governor MCKINLEY will be named at Minneapolis, the papers outside Ohio are talking pretty vigorously of the future honors to the head of Ohio's government.

THE two web perfecting presses of the Toledo BLADE now print, each month more than a million eight-page papers, daily and weekly editions.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

68.—What the Bland Silver Bill Is.

The debate in the national House of Representatives on the Bland silver bill makes it of interest to recall its provisions. At the time it was introduced in the House, THE BLADE published the measure; but it will plesse a large number to have its essential provisions stated as succinctly as possible.

Section 1 declares the unit of value of United States money to be the standard silver dollar as now coined, consisting of 412½ grains of standard silver, or the gold dollar of 25.8 grains standard gold. The standard gold and silver coins are declared a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private. Then follows this provision for free coinage of silver:

> Any holder of gold or silver bullion of the value of $100 or more, of standard fineness, shall be entitled to have the same struck into any authorized standard coins of the United States, free of charge, at the mints of the United States; or the owner of the bullion may deposit the same at such mints and receive therefor coin notes equal in amount to the coinage value of the bullion deposited, and the bullion thereupon shall become the property of the government; that the coin notes so issued shall be in denominations not less than $1 nor more than $500, and shall be a legal tender in like manner and invested with the same monetary uses as the standard gold and silver coins of the United States.

Section 2 discontinues the issue of gold and silver certificates, and of the Treasury notes authorized by the silver law of 1890, and directs their cancellation as fast as received and the issue of coin notes in their stead.

Section 3 authorizes the reissuance of coin notes, the amount outstanding at any time not to be greater or less than the value of coin, and bullion at coining value, held in the Treasury; the coin notes are to be "redeemed in coin on demand," and the bullion deposited is to be coined as fast as may be necessary for such redemption.

Section 4 permits any holder of legal tender gold or silver coins to the amount of ten dollars or more to exchange them for coin notes.

Section 5 repeals the silver law of July 14, 1890.

Section 6 provides that as soon as France shall open her mints to the free coinage of silver at the ratio at 15½ pounds of silver to one of gold, the President shall make proclamation of that fact, and hereafter that shall be the legal ratio here, and the silver dollar shall contain 400 grains of silver; the 412½-grain silver dollars in the treasury, or coming into it, to be recoined as fast as practicable into 400-grain dollars.

Section 7, the last, empowers the secretary of the Treasury to make such regulations as may be necessary to carry into effect the provisions of the act.

69.—The Objections to the Bill.

The opening declaration of section 1 is one beyond the power of any law or edict to make effective. It says the standard of value shall be the gold dollar or the silver dollar, thus declaring them equal in purchasing power, making them both full legal tender and giving them both unlimited coinage. No law can keep them circulating side by side. The silver dollar, under the terms of this bill, will drop in purchasing power to its bullion value—about 70 cents gold—and nothing on earth can keep them together in current value.

Mr. BLAND, in his speech opening the debate, admitted that the capacity of the mints is only about 45,000,000 silver dollars per year. To answer the objection that the present silver law adds, in Treasury notes of 1890, almost one-half more to the circulation annually, Mr. BLAND referred to the provision of his bill whereby bullion owners can dump their silver into the mint and receive its coinage value in his "coin notes." This provision would do no one any good except the millionaire mine-owners, who would thus get $1.29 per ounce, for their silver, in these coin notes, whereas they now get only a fraction over 90 cents—a clear profit to them of about 39 cents per ounce!

Section 6 is the most foolish provision of all, as it makes the standard of value depend upon the act of a single European country, providing for a further deterioration in actual value of the silver dollar in case France resumes free coinage of silver at her ratio of 15½ to 1; and there is no provision for changing back in case France should alter her policy. As soon as this provision took effect, the present issue of silver dollars would go promptly into the melting pot, the holders profiting by exchanging them as bullion for the new dollars.

Mr. BLAND, in opening his speech, said "this bill proposes to go back a hundred years," and establish free coinage of silver, making a bimetallic standard of gold and silver. This sounds well, but Mr. BLAND ignored the fact which every well-informed person knows, that the ratio then established was practically the ratio of the bullion values of the two metals. The silver dollar of that day contained a dollar's worth of silver. The dollar to-day does not. Silver has become much cheaper in the intervening time. The gold dollar is worth a dollar as bullion to-day; the silver dollar is worth as bullion only about 70 cents.

No law of Congress can equalize those values. Mr. BLAND should have made his bill comply with the changed conditions. He should have had it provide for a dollar which contained a dollar's worth of pure silver, as did the silver dollar of 1792. The production of silver has been enormously cheapened within the past few years. In Colorado, in 1878, the silver mills could not afford to use ores that assayed less than $20 of silver to the ton. To-day, ores are profitably handled that yield as low as $5 per ton. Said WM. H. BECK, speaking of the silver mining interests in which he is interested in Montana, before the House committee on Coinage, in 1890:

> When I went to Montana in 18 6, it cost us, to transport our ores from Dillon to Omaha, $24 per ton. That transportation now costs $10 a ton. It cost us then to treat the ores $17 a ton. Now it costs $8 and $10.

It is declared by men interested in the production of the precious metals that the amount of silver in a silver dollar costs only 41 cents to produce. It sells to-day for about 70 cents. Is not that profit enough?

But the same authority states that it costs about a dollar to produce $1 worth of gold on an average. No law can make the quantity of silver which costs only 41 cents to produce maintain a value equal to the quantity of gold which it costs $1 to produce.

It may be worth while, right here, to define accurately the position of THE BLADE on this whole question. We believe in bimetallism; but we know that the Bland bill, or any other measure which endeavors to make 70 cents' worth of silver the equivalent of a gold dollar, will result, not in bimetallism, but in the establishment of the silver standard, with an entire derangement of values, from which the farmers and workingmen will suffer most.

We are not opposed to the free coinage of silver, if the same rule is adopted that was made by our first coinage law—that of 1792—that the silver dollar shall contain a dollar's worth of silver; that the silver in the silver dollar, as bullion, and the gold in the gold dollar, as bullion, shall both be of equal value, and both worth a dollar.

Blade Sewing Machine

A Success—So Say All Who Have Bought It—You Will Not Make a Mistake if You Buy It.

The testimonials we are constantly receiving from those who have bought the New Blade Sewing Machine show that all who buy it are pleased. It is found to be equal to any machine now on the market, capable of doing any work that any sewing machine will do, well made, simple in operation, easy to understand finely finished, and in all respects a first-class machine—and that, too, at a lower price than any other first-class one on the market.

Here are samples of the letters we are receiving from those who have bought and tested the New Blade Sewing Machine:

ERIE, PA., March 23.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—The sewing machine shipped by you was received all O. K. and I must say it is far beyond my expectation. It does perfect work, and is as good as machines sold here for $45 and $50. The freight was 28 cents. Many of my friends are surprised after seeing it, as it is equal in appearance and workmanship to the best at the above named prices. Thanking you for your prompt attention in filling my order, I will try and send or induce others to send me one and the paper as they want a machine.

G. M. WADSWORTH.

UNION GROVE, IND., March 19.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—The Blade sewing machine I ordered some time ago, came to hand all right. Indeed, it is a marvel of beauty, and so far as tried, gives entire satisfaction. Please accept our thanks. Freight charges 27 cents.

JOHN EMBREE.

GREENWICH, O., March 21.—PUBLISHERS BLADE:—I received my machine all right. Everything is just as represented. I tried it with both light and heavy goods, and it does its work to perfection. I can not see but that it is just as good as the machines agents ask $45 for. I can recommend it to all my friends and neighbors. I thank you for the offer. Long live THE BLADE and its

Publishers' Desk.

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," and contains:

Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

The Caucus System Must Go.

The Ballot a Dangerous Weapon in the Hands of the Machine.

Gerrymandering a Political Crime.

United States Senators Must be Elected by the People.

The Office of Vice President Must be Abolished.

It also contains President Harrison's appeal against the Injustice of the Gerrymander.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for Six Cents (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1."

Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system. It should be spread broadcast over the United States, and be in the hands of every intelligent voter, no matter what his political belief.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

THE LAST "NASBY" BOOKS.

We have a few left of some of the books of Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby,") which we wish to close out speedily. This is the last chance to obtain them, as they will be out of print when these are gone. They are:

"A Paper City," and
"Abou Ben Adhem."

We will send them, postpaid, by mail, for 25 cents each—former price 50 cents.

Also—We have a few copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth bound, which we will send postpaid at 75 cents each—former price $1.

Also—We will send our picture of John Calvin (until the few left are gone) by mail, prepaid, for 10 cents each—former price 25 cents.

Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. THE BLADE has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price.

Since we began selling pictures, we have disposed of not less than 100,000 lithographs (we do not deal in them now), and some 40,000 or 50,000 copies of the noted paintings described below:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is an *full color*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Pretorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them fiends, others attacked by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his aid, help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, the picture with the sublime heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the pictures, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Pretorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents.

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for One Dollar.

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for $1.50.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

New South Wales has asked for 300,000 square feet of space.

Director General Davis has declared that all applications for space ought to be presented by July 1, 1892.

The California World's Fair state commission have authorized the formation of a woman's board. Each commissioner will appoint one member of this board. Each member is allowed $1,000 a year for traveling expenses.

In Colorado's exhibit will appear a very complete showing of the flora of the state. Miss Alida P. Lansing, who has been in charge of the matter, gathered more than 3,000 varieties last summer, including fifteen or more which had never been classified.

The king of Italy has appointed a World's Fair commissioner. Italy, it is believed, will yet formally decide to participate in the exposition. It is already assured that its participation, even if only informal, will be of no mean description. Exceptionally fine exhibits in sculpture and painting are promised.

WALT WHITMAN DEAD.

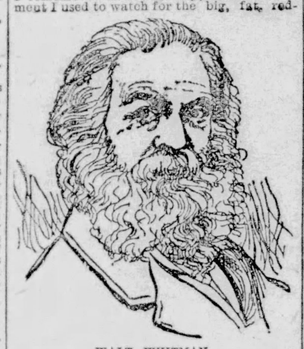
He Remained Conscious Almost to the Last—Something About His Literary Career and War Experience.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 28.—Calmly and peacefully, like a child asleep, Walt Whitman passed away Saturday evening. He had been weaker than usual some days previous, but the knowledge of his condition did not become public property. He had a sinking spell Friday night, but recovered somewhat. Again at 4:30 p. m., Saturday, he began to sink. A messenger was hurriedly sent for his physician, Dr. Alex. McAllister, who reached the dying man's bedside a short while afterward. The doctor found the aged poet in a dying condition, and so informed those around his bedside. He asked the patient if he suffered any pain, and the whispered answer was "No." Twenty minutes before his death he said to his attendant, "Wary, shift." These were the last words he uttered.

Sketch of His Life.

Some time ago the dead poet wrote a short sketch of his life, in which he said:

It was eleven years after my birth, on May 31, 1819, at West Hills, L. I., that I began writing sentimental bits for the old *Patriot* in Brooklyn. Soon after I had a piece or two in George P. Morris's then celebrated and fashionable *Mirror*, of New York city. I remember with what suppressed excitement I used to watch for the big, fat, red-



WALT. WHITMAN.

faced, slowly moving, very old English carrier who distributed the *Mirror* in Brooklyn, and when I got one, opening and cutting the leaves with trembling fingers. How it made my heart double beat to see my piece on the pretty white paper and in type.

My first real venture was the *Long Islander*, in my own beautiful town of Huntington, L. I., in 1839. I was about 20 years old. I had been teaching country school for two or three years in various parts of Suffolk and Queens's counties, but liked printing. I had been at it while a lad and learned the trade of compositor, and was encouraged to start a paper in the region where I was born. I went to New York, bought a press and types, hired some little help, but did most of the work myself, including the presswork. Everything seemed turning out well (only my own restlessness prevented my gradually establishing a permanent property there). I bought a good horse, and every week went all around the country serving my papers, devoting one day and night to it. I never had happier jaunts—going over to South Side, through Babylon, down the South road, across to Smithtown and Comac, and back home. The experiences of these jaunts, the dear old fashioned farmers and their wives, the stops by the hay fields, the hospitality, the nice dinners, occasional evenings, the girls, the rides through the brush and the smell from the salt of the South roads, come up in my memory to this day, after more than forty years. The *Long Islander* is still in existence.

I next went to the *Aurora* daily in New York city—a sort of free lance. Also wrote regularly for the *Tattler*, an evening paper. With these and a little outside work I was occupied off and on until I went to edit the Brooklyn *Eagle*, where for two years I had one of the pleasantest sits of my life—a good owner, good pay and easy work and hours (it came out about 3 every afternoon). The troubles in the Democratic party broke forth about those times (1848-49), and I split off with the radicals, which led to rows with the boss and "the party" and I lost my place.

Being now out of a job, I was offered impromptu (it happened between the acts one night in the lobby of the old Broadway theater, near Pearl street, New York city) a good chance to go down to New Orleans on the staff of the *Crescent*, a daily to be started there, with plenty of capital behind it, in opposition to the *Picayune*. One of the owners, Mr. Mc Clure, who was North buying material, met me walking in the lobby, and though that was our first acquaintance, after fifteen minutes' talk (and a drink) we make a formal bargain, and Mr. McClure paid me $200 in gold to bind the contract and bear my expenses to New Orleans. I started two days afterward; had a good leisurely time, as the paper wasn't to be out in three or four weeks. I enjoyed my journey and Louisiana venture very much. I believe the *Crescent* is an institution there yet. Returning to Brooklyn a year or two afterward, I started the *Freeman*, first as a weekly, then daily. Pretty soon the secession war broke out, and I, too, got drawn in the current southward, and spent the following three years there.

Besides starting them, as aforementioned, I have had to do at one time or another with a long list of papers at divers places, sometimes under queer circumstances. During the war the hospitals at Washington, among other means of amusement, printed a little sheet among themselves, surrounded by wounds and death, the *Armory Square Gazette*, to which I contributed. The same long afterward, casually, to a paper—I think it was called the *Tomahawk*—out in Colorado, where I stopped at the time.

An Important Omission.

Mr. Whitman has neglected to say that he resigned his editorial position in New Orleans, with its incidental salary of $3,000, to travel through the West with his brother, who was threatened with consumption.

His constant work in the hospitals laid him low with an attack of malaria, which subsequently merged into slow paralysis.

As a reward for his work in the hospitals President Lincoln, who was his friend, gave him a clerkship in the department of the Interior. Secretary Harlan, an alleged "Christian statesman," removed him from his clerkship on the charge that he had written "Leaves of Grass." Attorney General Ashton thereupon found a place for Whitman in his own office, but in 1873 the half paralyzed poet was compelled to leave on account of physical disability. He removed to the house of his brother, in Camden, N. J. He has since made Camden his home.

Mr. Whitman's last volume of poems was issued in the fall of 1888. It was called "November Boughs." His income from all his works did not exceed $500 a year.

LEAP YEAR, AND A WILLING GIRL.

Suppose you were in love with a girl like me,
And were awfully silly. It's only supposing,
Do you think it you waited till the end of the year
That I would do the proposing? Not I.

Suppose you'd a cottage so dreadfully small
There was only just room for two,
Do you think I'd marry some one else for his wealth
If I could get the cottage and you? Not I.

Instead of standing so awkwardly there,
Suppose you should ask me to be your own wife.
Do you think for a moment that I would say No
And be wretched the rest of my life? Not I.
—[Lytton Wharncliffe Pilloy.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

Christian Science Didn't Work.

"Did you see the Pope?" was asked a Boston woman lately returned from Italy. "No, he was sick when I was there. I tried to give him absent treatment by Christian science, so that he would be able to get up before we left, but he didn't." So one increasing purpose runs through the progress of the suns, and Martin Luther has his direct spiritual descendant in a Boston woman who tried to "science" the Pope of Rome. —[Boston Transcript.

Poor Fellow!

"Oh, girls! There's a tramp!"
Are you sure?"
"Yes. Don't you see him?"
Isn't it lovely! Now we will have some one to try our new cooking school biscuit on."—[Washington Star.

No More Mad Men After This.

A herb is said to have been discovered in Yucatan which is a specific for insanity.

HAMILTON'S ELMS ARE SAFE.

Orlando B. Potter Saves the Trees From Vandals.

The thirteen elm trees which stand on the old Hamilton estate at 143d street and Convent avenue, New York city, and are popularly believed to have been planted by Alexander Hamilton nearly a century ago to commemorate the thirteen original states, were purchased at public auction by Orlando B. Potter, and will be saved from destruction at the hands of flat-building vandals.

The sale was made on the real estate exchange, and Auctioneer Richard Montgomery announced that in order to give some one a

THE THIRTEEN ELMS.

chance to save the old landmark the estate on which the trees stood and which comprise a whole block would be divided into twenty-eight city lots. The famous trees are located on the northeast corner of 143d street and Convent avenue, and in order to keep the trees intact one-half of the property, or fourteen lots, was offered in a parcel.

Mr. Potter said to a *Recorder* reporter: "I do not yet know what I am going to do with the trees. The first thing to do was to buy the property. Now that I have it I can take my time about making plans for it. At any rate the landmark which Hamilton has left to us will not be desecrated."

BERING SEA MUDDLE.

The Marquis of Salisbury, who Writes the British Notes.

The note on the Bering Sea question, calling out President Harrison's vigorous answer, about which everybody is talking, was written by the Marquis of Salisbury (pronounced Sawlz-bry) in his capacity of secretary of state for the foreign department. He fills the post of prime minister as well, and is probably the ablest of English statesmen belonging to the conservative party. His name as an American citizen would be Robert

PREMIER SALISBURY.

Talbot Gascoyne Cecil. He was born in England in 1830, was educated at Eton and Oxford, displayed early in life marked journalistic ability, and entered the House of Commons in 1853.

He continued a member of that body until 1868, when he inherited his title and took his place in the House of Lords. In 1867 he resigned the office of secretary of state for India, which he was filling in the Derby administration, because not in sympathy with the policy of parliamentary reform. He took the same office under Mr. Disraeli in 1874. In 1878 he was appointed special ambassador to Turkey, and was a representative of England in the conference of Constantinople of that year. He and the late Earl of Beaconsfield displayed great ability in the conference of Berlin, the same year. The marquis went out of office in 1880. In 1885 and again in 1886, he was called by the queen to the premiership.

A WEIGHTY THUMB.

One of the Funny Things That Happened in the Infant Class.

A Harlem young lady religiously inclined, applied for a class in Sunday school a few weeks ago, and the superintendent promptly placed her in her charge of that doubtful honor—the infant class.

The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on the thin ice known as "general questioning."

"Now children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is popularly supposed to fascinate young children, "what did Moses do?"

The infant mind worked on the problem for a few moments in silence.

"Come, dears," said the young teacher, encouragingly, "some one tell me what Moses did."

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, Willie?" urged the teacher, encouragingly.

"Hith thumb weighed a pound."

"What?" asded the astonished teacher.

"My marmer says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts hith thumb on the scales it weighs a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He'th our butcher, mith."—[New York Tribune.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
The Best Tonic

known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

POETRY OF THE FARM.

Col. Bob Ingersoll Talked of It in a Recent Oration.

It is no advantage to live in a city where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests of oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends.

You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

A Prize Puzzle.

If a frog is at the bottom of a well ten feet deep, how many days will it take him to get to the top if he climbs up one foot each day, and slides back six inches each night?

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be paid to the person who sends the first correct answer to the above prize puzzle, an elegant pair of Diamond earrings in solid gold settings given to the one sending second correct answer. A complete education at business college given for fourth correct answer. An imported Music Box (playing six pieces) given for fifth correct answer. A silk dress pattern for each of the next five correct answers. A handsome parlor lamp to each of the next ten. AND A SOLID GOLD WATCH FOR THE FIRST CORRECT ANSWER FROM EACH STATE. Every person answering must enclose four three cent stamps for two sample copies of the finest illustrated publication on this continent. We give these prizes simply to introduce it. Address, LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY (22) Toronto, Can.

A Suggestion.

"Jack, I want you to be my best man on the 28th."

"I can't do it, old man. I shan't be in town. I sail for London on the 25th. But, I say, I'll be back in six months. Can't you put the wedding off?"—[New York Sun.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. Sold only in *boxes*. Price 25 cents.

Science Causerie.

Great Bodies of Fresh Water.

Geographers claim that there are twenty-five rivers on the globe which have a total length each of over 1,000 miles. Of these, two, the Mississippi from the source of the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains to Eads jetties, and the Amazon from the source of the Ben to the isle of Marajo, are over 4,000 miles in length. To be exact, the former is 4,300 and the latter 4,020 miles from the source of the places where their waters are mingled with those of the ocean. Four claim a total length of over 3,000 and under 4,000. They are the Yenisei in Asia, length 3,580; the Kiang, Asia, length 3,900; the Nile, Africa, 3,240; and the Hoang-ho, Asia, which is 3,040 miles. Seven streams on the globe are under 3,000 and over 2,000 miles in length, the Volga in Russia and the Amoor in Asia each being 2,500 miles in length; two are 2,300 miles long, the Mackenzie in British America and the La Plata in South America.

The Rio Bravo in North America, the Rio Madeira in South America, and the Niger in Africa are each 2,300 miles from end to end. The Arkansas river comes just inside of this 2,000 mile limit. Ten of the great rivers of the world are over 1,000 and under 2,000 miles in length. Three of these are in North America—the Red river 1,320, Ohio 1,480, and the St. Lawrence 1,450. South America has also three in this list—the Rio Negro 1,650, Orinoco 1,600, and the Uruguay 1,100 miles. Asia has three in the same list—the Euphrates 1,900 miles, and the Tigris and Ganges, each of which is about 1,300 miles. In the group of great rivers, the St. Lawrence is the most remarkable. It constitutes by far the largest body of fresh water in the world. If we include the great lakes and tributary rivers with the St. Lawrence system, as they cover about 73,000 square miles, the aggregate represents not less than 9,000 solid miles of water. The unthinkable size of this mass may be better comprehended when we consider the figures of Professor Cyrus C. Dinwiddie, who says that it would take over 40 years for this entire mass to pour over Niagara at the computed rate of 1,000,000 cubic feet per second.—[Scientific American.

Is Darwinism a Failure?

Since the Darwinian theory of the origin of man made its first victorious mark, twenty years ago, we have sought for the intermediate stages which were supposed to connect man with the apes; the proto man, the *pro anthropos*, is not yet discovered. For anthropological science the *pro anthropos* is even a subject of discussion. At that time in Innspruck the prospect was, apparently, that the course of descent from ape to man would be reconstructed all at once; but now we cannot even prove the descent of the separate races from one another. At this moment we are able to say that among the peoples of antiquity no single one was any nearer to the apes than we are.

At this moment I can affirm that there is not upon earth any absolutely unknown race of men. The least known of all are the people of the central mountainous district of the Malay Peninsula, but otherwise we know the people of Tierra del Fuego quite as well as the Esquimaux, Bashkirs, Polynesians and Lapps. Nay, we know more of many of these races than we do of certain European tribes; I need only mention the Albanians. Every living race is still human; no single one has yet been found that we can designate as simian or quasi-simian. Even when in certain ones phenomena appear which are characteristic of the apes—e. g., the peculiar ape-like projections of the skull in certain races—still we cannot say that these men are ape-like.—[Professor Virchow before the late Anthropological Congress in Vienna.

The Theory of Cyclones.

A considerable number of meteorologists of note are said to favor the cyclonic theory at present known under the name or term of convexion. According to this, it is assumed that the air, becoming heated in a certain region, rises in the atmosphere in consequence of its diminished weight, in the same manner as the gases that result from combustion make their ascent up chimney. An upward atmospheric current is in this way produced which, if it prove very boisterous, may effect the ravages which mark the track of a cyclone, as it is called. Singularly enough, however, Herr Hann a Viennese meteorologist, in comparing thermometric observations made simultaneously at different altitudes during the passage of squalls, claims to have clearly proved that the temperature of the air, instead of being warmer in the higher regions, is actually colder. On the other hand again, Mr. Faye's theory of the turbulent gyratory atmospheric movements is believed to explain quite naturally this difference of temperature.

Effects of Overwork.

In speaking of the disastrous consequences of overwork, the New York *Medical Record* recently said:

"In the lower degrees of overwork, rest restores the system to its normal state by a speedy elimination of the injurious elements, as poisons received from without are eliminated, and a fatal result avoided. In more prolonged fatigue there is a rise of temperature and an alteration of the liquids of the body—a manifest feverish condition. In still more prolonged and severe exertions, there are changes in the bodily tissues, as well as in the fluids, especially in the heart and blood-vessels, the kidneys and spinal cord."

In the severe cases the victims sometimes fall dead as from a stroke of lightning. The poison which then asserts itself is carbon dioxide, the deadliest of poison. In such sudden fatal cases it forms more rapidly than the lungs can throw it off.

The Asteroids.

In addition to the eight large planets and their satellites, the sun is attended in its journey through space by a remarkable ring of minor planets, or asteroids, whose orbits occupy a small zone between Mars and Jupiter. The first was discovered January 1, 1801, and at the close of 1891 no less than 323 were known, 21 having been added during the year. J. Palissa has discovered 80; C. Peters, 48; Charlois, 25; Watson, 22; Luther, 20; Borrelly, 17; Goldschmidt, 14; Hind, 10; De Gasparis, 8; Paul Henry, 7; Prosper Henry, 7; Pogson, 7. French astronomers are credited with 83; Austrian, 58; American, 70; German, 52; English, 17; Italian, 8. The list of these tiny worlds—the largest only about 300 miles in diameter, and the aggregate mass of all several thousand times smaller than the earth—is becoming troublesome in length, yet the asteroid seekers cling to their now useless labors.

Scientific Drops.

The moon moves 3,333 feet per second.

There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

The most recent calculations made by Michelson give the velocity of light as 186,360 miles per second.

An efficient method of controlling the electric light current of hotel rooms has been devised, the mechanism being attached to the bolt on the door, the opening or shutting of the door turning on or shutting off the current.

Those engaged in the production of quinine, whether from bark or chemically, suffer with a peculiar skin affection, caused by the inhalation of the vapor from hot solutions of the drug. Fever is an accompaniment of this malady.

The popular belief that occupants of the highest floors in a city house live in the purest air seems to be upset by recent tests made of the atmosphere of London, which showed that the purest air was obtained between thirty and forty feet above the streets.

The earth is nearer to the sun in winter than in summer, but the cause of the cold winter of the former season is the oblique inclination of the sun's rays. Did the sun shine as directly on the earth's surface in January as in June, the winter would be the hotter season.

An interesting calculation has just been made by a French geologist to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean washing rivers, wind and weather, and leaving out of the calculation volcanic action, the world will, in 4,500,000 years, be completely under water and no dry land exist at all.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins at an early age gave unmistakable evidence of marked ability, and even genius, both as a musician and an elocutionist. She studied under able masters, and was graduated some few years ago from the New York Lyceum School of Acting. Miss Collins is

LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS.

of medium height, with a grace of bearing which few women possess. She is neither blonde nor brunette, and has a sweet nobility of expression that bespeaks the woman's heart allied to the artist's talent. She is beloved by all who come within the magic of her charm, and her melodious voice, her tender, sympathetic nature, and her generous judgment of this world of men and women make her a woman in whom her sex may well rejoice.

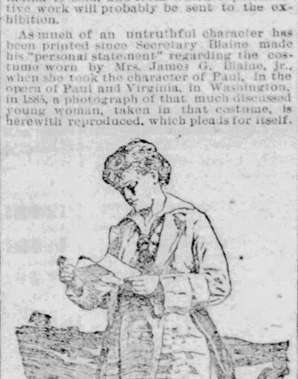
A bill has been introduced in the British parliament to extend to the women of Ireland the right of municipal suffrage that the women of England and Scotland have for many years enjoyed. In the city of Belfast women have been allowed to vote since the city charter was amended a few years ago. The right was obtained through the efforts of a woman, Isabella Todd.

Miss Sofia Gregoria Hayden, the architect of the woman's building at the Columbian Exposition, is a Chilean by birth, and not a native of the United States, as is generally supposed. Her mother, whose name was Eleena Davala, was a Peruvian of Span-

SOFIA GREGORIA HAYDEN.

ish ancestors, and Miss Hayden was born in Santiago. She shows her Spanish blood in her olive skin, large, dark eyes and her low, rich voice.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, has promised the loan of her famous collection of laces for exhibition at the World's Fair. It will include the varieties of lace made in the king's factories by women and will be dis-



played with the queen's portrait and many old books upon antique lace. Rome has a society now similar to the Woman's Exchange, where the artistic work of the country is sold, and from which representative work will probably be sent to the exhibition.

As much of an untruthful character has been printed since Secretary Blaine made his "personal statement" regarding the costume worn by Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., when she took the character of Paul, in the opera of Paul and Virginia, in Washington, in 1888, a photograph of that much-discussed young woman, taken in that costume, is herewith reproduced, which pleads for itself.

MARIE NEVINS BLAINE AS PAUL.

The opera was presented a year before Miss Marie Nevins's marriage to the son of the secretary of State. The cast was made up of society men and women, and even the chorus was composed of Washington belles and attaches of the diplomatic corps. All the singers were foreigners of title, and Albaugh's Opera-house probably never before held such a splendid audience. No amateurs had ever attempted such a performance as this one. Mrs. Blaine was originally placed in the chorus, and she was given the leading role of Paul when it became known that Tom Karl, the only professional who was to sing, could not appear. When she was transferred from the chorus to the principal part, and a tenor part at that, she scored a marvellous triumph, which is still talked of in Washington. The photograph represents the fair young singer in the character of Paul, coming down the rocks, with Virginia's letter, enclosing a flower, in hand, singing the "Flower Song," which was the gem of the opera. The costume was designed by the Viscountess de Nougeras, the wife of the Portuguese minister, and the viscountess made it with her own hands.

—Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs so as to retain your young looks by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

MICHAEL D. HARTER,

Of Ohio, a Doughty Opposer of the Bland Bill.

Harter, who made a great hit in the debate on the silver bill, is a new member of Congress. He represents the Fifteenth district of Ohio, resides at Mansfield, that state, and was born at Canton, also of the Buckeye commonwealth, in the year 1846. Harter is an energetic business man, a manufacturer

M. D. HARTER.

and a banker. He is a strong free trader of many years' experience in its advocacy. The Cobden club, London, England, has his name on its roll of membership, and in America his name is found on the list of members in the Reform club, New York, the Democratic club of the same city, and the Young Men's Democratic club of Cincinnati. Harter talks to Congress in a straightforward, business-like way, without rhetorical pretension, and commands the attention of the House.

HE LOVED THE BLADE.

Death of Francis M. White of Harper, Kan., Aged 72.

THE BLADE is in receipt of the following letter:

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK,
HARPER COUNTY, KANSAS,
ANTHONY, KAN., MARCH 20, 1892.

EDITOR BLADE:—On March 13, 1892, Francis M. White, for many years a subscriber to your Weekly BLADE, died at the ripe old age of 72 years. Mr. White served as deputy county clerk during my two terms, which closed in January last, and was moving back to his farm near Harper when he was taken sick, and never recovered. A few days prior to his death, in asking him if there was any business I could attend to for him in either Harper or Anthony, he said first "no" and then said "yes!" "If you will, I wish you would write and have my BLADE changed from Anthony to Harper." He was a staunch friend of THE BLADE, and cared for each copy as though it was a child. During his last sickness, seeing some of the children playing with a paper, he asked if it was his BLADE and asked his wife to take care of them until he got so he could read them.

Mr. White has had quite a little of experience. He represented Henry county, Iowa, in the legislature, as county treasurer, mayor of Mt. Pleasant, and many other offices of trust, in none of which he was found wanting. He was a Quaker and always had that kind and contented personnel so peculiar to that class of persons. Yours very truly,

H. E. PATTERSON.

BISMARCK'S LATEST PHOTO.

Given by the Iron Man to a Pretty Actress Now in New York.

The photograph from which this picture of the "Man of Blood and Iron" was taken was given by Bismarck to Mme. Marie Barkany, who, by her artistic ability, her beauty and her good taste

BISMARCK'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

in dressing, has made such an extremely favorable impression in this country. Mme. Barkany was presented to the old chancellor at Kissengen, his favorite resort, and the man who so long held the scales of Europe found great pleasure in the actress's recitations. Nor is it probable that his youthful eye, which was so keen for beauty, has dimmed.

Mme. Barkany speaks French purely, and since her arrival in the United States she has made quick progress in English.

"I carry that photograph of Beesmarck wiz me everywhere," she said the other day to a New York reporter. "It ees my talisman, my good luck. And I do assure you, sir, it ees more difficult to get Beesmarck's—what you call fac-similie? Ah, yes, *merci bien*—Beesmarck's autograph that you see on ze photograph than to get that of our emperor. You admire Beesmarck? Of course, he ees ze greatest of ze great.

"I like your country, I like your people, and I like your language," she said, "and when I have studied it more I will come back and play in English."

Pretty Near the End.

Editor—I want you to write up an obituary notice on old Skinflint.

Assistant—Is he dead?

Editor—No, but he has just sent in money to pay up his subscription for the past five years. I guess we'll have to put the obituary before long.—[Yankee Blade.

A Terrible Outlook.

"Why, Mabel, what's the matter? You look as blue as an owl."

"Blue! I should think I might! You remember what a bad cough Mr. Old cash had when I got engaged to him?"

"Yes."

"Well, now that the wedding is only a week off, it seems as if it grew better every day."—[Jester.

The American Infant.

"Pa, tell me a nice story."

"Shall I tell you a ghost story, Jimmie?"

"No, pa, I don't care to hear any ghost story. I haven't believed in ghosts since I was a child. Tell me all about the latest scandal in high life, and all that sort of thing."—[Texas Siftings.

LISTEN

Don't write to us unless you want to save money. If you don't want to know YOUR opportunity, don't write us. Don't want to make MONEY honestly, don't write us. Don't want to know how to get rich, don't write us. If you want to know all about the most profitable business before the people of this country, WRITE US AT ONCE. MONEY is to be made in it for every one who engages. Don't delay. Don't say you will write us next week or next month. Do it NOW. Don't write us if you have a prejudice against honest dollars. Don't write us if you are afraid of work. Don't write us if you are afraid to risk a penny where there is a chance to make a fortune. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your light shine. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your neighbors know that you are trying to better your condition. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your wife help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your children help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your husband help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your parents help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your friends help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your enemies help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your relatives help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your acquaintances help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your strangers help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your foes help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your rivals help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your competitors help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your opponents help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your adversaries help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your antagonists help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your enemies help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your foes help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your rivals help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your competitors help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your opponents help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your adversaries help you. Don't write us if you are afraid to let your antagonists help you.

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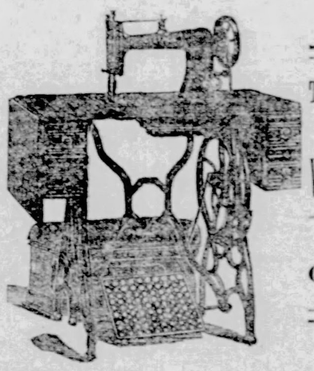

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A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread cotton, we recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. The automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus the bobbin it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We have made this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is to perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

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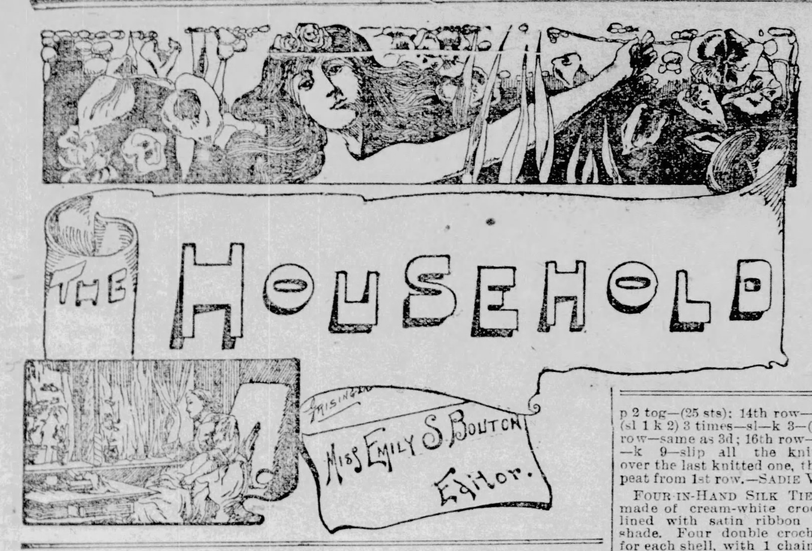
As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BL



SANDIE MACPHERSON.

How Sandie Tormented Thomas Carlyle—We All Want What We Cannot Have—What the World's Fair Promises.

I wonder how many people there are in the world who are not to some extent under the control of a "Sandie Macpherson." Very few, I fancy, if the truth were known, no matter how successful they may be, or how near to the top rung of the ladder of their ambition they may have climbed.

Of course most of you know who Sandie Macpherson was—the one and only man on the face of the earth that had the power to make Thomas Carlyle always miserable by his lack of appreciation of the gifts that rendered Carlyle a giant among his fellows.

Robert Buchanan told the story of Sandie's influence in a most immitable manner, having received it from the great man himself. Sandie was Carlyle's schoolmate from his earliest days. He was a "wee, smug-mouthed, black aveezed laddie, with eyes like a hawk, and a stoop in the shoulders. From first to last he was ever at the top of his class. He carried away all the prizes at the seminary, and when he came to the high school he was the 'dux' of the class. Such a memory as he had! It was wonderful, wonderful!"

Carlyle himself was not a prime scholar and Macpherson was constantly held up to him as one to model after, until the latter was withdrawn from college to become a small tradesman in Glasgow. He never rose higher, while the name of the boy he had despised was known the world over. Sandie, however, could never be brought to acknowledge any merit in "Tammas Carlyle" and the consciousness of this made the latter miserable. He said quaintly enough that "lest I should grow daft with my own self-conceit, the Lord sent Sandie Macpherson to keep me humble."

I do not know anything funnier than his description of a chance visit to Sandie when he had come from London to Glasgow. It was after he had won much renown and he was stopping with the lord provost. Wandering along he came to the store of the Macpherson and could not resist the temptation of going in to see if, perchance, his old schoolfellow had not, at last, come to realize that he had accomplished something. It was all in vain. Sandie treated him as indifferently as ever, remarking finally "You're what they call a lectery man noo?" Carlyle says he assented, feeling rather ashamed. "Ā weel" said Sandie reflectively, "a weel, Lunnun's a big place, and they call it the center of civilization, but"—here he shut the lid of a jar sharply—"many things please the folks in Lunnun that would na gang doon in Glasgow!"

Until the day of Sandie's death, nothing could ever wring from him any admission of Carlyle's greatness, or that he was anything but "a silly sumph," and the latter always considered his career in some sense a failure since he could not make any impression upon Sandie Macpherson.

If the truth were known Carlyle's experience was not exceptional. All are not great and gifted, but most people believe themselves possessed of some capacity in a special direction, which it is a pleasure to them to have recognized. In nine cases out of ten there is a "Sandie" somewhere to put a drop of bitterness in their cup of success, and, strange as it may seem to others, this disapproval is more potent to disturb than any amount of praise from all beside to content. "Sandie" need not necessarily be a man. He need not necessarily be so disagreeable, but if he or she be the one person who withholds the appreciation felt to be due, if he looks with disfavor or cold disdain upon accomplishment that the majority pronounces good, if no effort will placate, no action bring recognition, as in Carlyle's case, there will be times when life seems to be a failure.

It is one of the traits of human nature that the thing denied, that which is beyond our reach, is the fairest of all gifts to our longing eyes. To others it may hardly appear worth the possessing beside what we already hold; but the fact that we cannot have it is sufficient to invest it to us with superlative value. To Carlyle the approval of that narrow-minded, insignificant Glasgow tradesman was what he wanted most simply because he could not have it. Nor could he recognize what was true that Sandie's pig-headedness was a part of his very nature, nursed by circumstances, so that growth or change of idea was for him utterly impossible. Sandie's admiration was "the moon" for which Carlyle cried and which he never obtained. Strange that so great a man should be made unhappy by such a trifle, and yet not so strange when we see how universal is that desire to possess the unattainable.

I have been reading and hearing lately a great deal about the stupendousness—I hope I may be forgiven for coining that word, but the subject needs one as overpowering as that—of the arrangements for the World's Fair. One gentleman, who is upon the inside of the affair, says that six months' daily visiting would not exhaust the exhibit of a single one of the larger countries; that if the space asked for by France alone were granted, there would be a length of ten miles, fifteen or twenty feet high, to survey. It makes one bewildered to even try to think what that will be, and to endeavor to comprehend the possibilities of the whole exposition is more than my poor brain can endure.

Of one thing we may all make ourselves sure, and that is, we might as well undertake to make a complete and exhaustive visit to the greater part of the countries of the world in the course of three or four weeks, as to try to see the whole of the Fair in that length of time. The wise thing for us all to do is to begin now to think what part we are most anxious to gain an idea of and then prepare ourselves to see that intelligently at the smallest expense of physical and mental effort possible. The treasures in the Art Building alone will be beyond anything the world has ever witnessed before, and they will form but a small portion of the whole. By watching the details in the papers from this time on to the opening, it will not be difficult to make our selection of what we would not miss, and then resist all temptation to being drawn off to other things until that ground is gone over.

Not the least interesting part of the whole will be the crowd collected there from all over the known earth, white, black, red, and yellow, from every nationality under the sun, speaking all languages, and with customs that to our Western, New-World eyes will seem a part of the far-away past. It will be a kaleidoscope in which the world's peoples will form the ever changing figures. We shall need to possess our spirits with tranquility in order to hold our nerves steady while looking at the ever shifting, changing pictures.

And what a place it will be to train one to patience! How selfishness will push and jostle, and rush and roar, if it cannot have its way! How weary we shall become when we have traveled over the miles upon miles crowded with curiosities, trying to catch a fleeting glimpse to see if, perchance, we can not carry away some image of what is gathered there, and how supremely content our state when it is all over and we are safe in the heavenly rest and quiet of our homes once more!

And yet what an education this fair,—vast beyond anything ever undertaken before—visited sensibly and intelligently, may be made to be!

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Talks.

In making the school dresses for your daughters, do not think that they need be very elaborately trimmed, nor, on the other hand, think it makes no difference about the fashion, as long as they are whole and clean. It is very unbecoming for a school girl to wear dresses ruffled and trimmed as some do, but there are very few girls who do not feel more comfortable and satisfied if their dresses are made "like other girls'." It is not pleasant to be conspicuous by wearing an old-fashioned dress, or being obliged to wear an apron when no other girl in your class wears one, is it, girls?—and when it costs no more to make a dress so that it will look pretty and stylish, it certainly pays the mother for the trouble of making it so, by the happiness it gives the daughter.

"Girls ought to be above such foolish thoughts," do I hear some one say? Ah! well, we all ought to do many things we do not do; and let us not blame the girls for the desire to look well, as long as they do not allow it to lead them to any extravagance.

School dresses this spring are made with full, round skirts, reaching to the ankle, for misses of 15 years, and are finished with a hem. The waist may be made plain on the shoulders, and gathered at the belt—the old-fash'oned "fan waist," as it used to be called. The skirt is gathered all around and sewed to the waist, and a bodice, pointed back and front, fastening on the side, is worn with this dress. Bishop sleeves, with a wide cuff and a plain standing collar. If the collar, cuffs and bodice are made of some pretty contrasting color, and a band four inches wide of the same placed around the skirt just above the hem, it makes a very pretty dress.

Waists, with a yoke and full waist, and blouse waists are also worn by slender girls. Dainty white aprons made prettily and trimmed with embroidery, or handmade, knit or crocheted lace, are worn now by schoolgirls, and make a very pretty finish to the school dress.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

TABLE DECORATIONS.—It is quite a fancy to have the linen of the table correspond in design with the decorations of the dishes. For instance, suppose the latter have upon them rosebuds; then the tablecloth and napkins are embroidered with the same flower, either in the border alone or scattered here and there through the center of the cloth. This fashion means a great deal of work for the housekeeper unless she has the money to hire it done.

Instead of the long center piece which has been so fashionable, three are substituted—a square in the center of considerable size and two smaller ones at the ends. These may be embroidered to match the dishes. Where this idea is carried out the flowers must be of the same kind. Yellow decorations are very effective, more so, perhaps, than any other color.

If the table is round the center piece should be round also; if oval, then the same shape should be followed, while the square cornered table should have the pieces oblong or square.

A monogram or cipher upon the tablecloth must always be worked so that it will come on the surface of the table with the base of the letters towards the edge. Sometimes it is worked across the corners.

TABLE COVER.—Use a square of dull blue Bolton sheeting for the foundation. Then from two shades of blue felt—light gray blue and dark peacock blue—cut out small circles or any fancy shape you choose. Baste these on the square in clusters or any pattern. Couch them down with heavy gold thread around the edges. Then sew on the felt in quirls and curves the fine Japanese gold thread, and also between the felt pieces sew it in a running vine directly upon the sheeting. The ends of the gold thread must be pushed through and fastened on the under side.

LACE TABLE COVER.—To cover the handsomely polished dark wood tables, use the figured lace and outline the figures with any colored heavy silk preferred. Finish the edges with a wide lace edge to correspond with the center, slightly fulled.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c f st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SHELL LACE—Cast on 15 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—sl 1—k 2—o 1—n—k 8—o 1—p 2 tog—(16 sts); 2d row—o l—p 2 tog—k 10—sl 1—k 3—(16 sts); 3d row—sl 1—k rest plain—(16 sts); 4th row—o 1—p 2 tog—k rest plain (16 sts); 5th row—sl 1—k 2—(o 1 n) twice—k 7—o 1—p 2 tog—(18 sts); 6th row—o 1—p 2 tog—k 9—sl 1—k 2—sl 1—k 3—(18 sts); 7th row—Same as 3d—(18 sts); 8th row—Same as 4th—(18 sts); 9th row—sl 1—k 2—(o 1 n) 3 times—k 7—o 1—p 2 tog—(21 sts); 10th row—o 1—p 2 tog—k 9—(sl k 2) twice—sl 1—k 3—(21 sts); 11th row—like 3d—(21 sts); 12th row—like 4th—(21 sts); 13th row—sl 1—k 2—(o 1 n) 4 times—k 8—o 1—p 2 tog—(25 sts); 14th row—o 1—p 2 tog—(sl 1 k 2) 3 times—sl—k 3—(25 sts); 15th row—same as 3d; 16th row—o 1—p 2 tog—k 9—slip all the knitted stitches over the last knitted one, then k 14. Repeat from 1st row.—SADIE VEE.

FOUR-IN-HAND SILK TIE.—This tie is made of cream-white crochet silk and lined with satin ribbon of the same shade. Four double crochets are used for each shell, with 1 chain between the 3d and 4th doubles to provide spaces for the shells of succeeding rows. At each side, where you turn, make a chain of 2 stitches and then a shell. The tie itself is 8 shells wide at the widest portion, and is properly shaped by the following directions: For 14 inches of its length make the rows 8 shells wide; then make 8 rows of 7 shells; each; 4 rows of 6th shells, 3 rows of 5 shells, and 3 rows of 4 shells. Then for the narrow part: 17 inches of 3 shells in width; then 3 rows of 4 shells each, 3 rows of 5 shells, 4 rows of 6 shells; then 5 inches with 7 shells in each row. If preferred, a ready-made tie may be used as a pattern and the work narrowed and made to follow its shape. The tie is very handsome made of black, dark blue, deep red or garnet, brown, gray or any favorite color. The lining is not a matter of necessity, but it serves to hold the tie in permanent good shape. It may be omitted for summer use, when crocheted ties are very popular for wearing with silk or flannel shirts. Made of wash silk, ties of this description will launder perfectly.

Correspondence.

SOME MORE ABOUT NELLIE.—Nellie wishes me to thank "Nina" for her kind wishes about her late visit, and to assure her that she did have a "perfectly lovely time." I mistrust a certain dark-eyed Fred (a brother of the friend she was visiting) had something to do with it, and also something to do with a pretty diamond ring Nellie wears. Of all this I will tell you later on, as it is a family secret as yet. I want to tell you now of a pretty street suit we have lately made (as Nellie says) from the rag bag.

Years ago her mother rode horseback a great deal, until an accident made her an invalid. At that time it was the style to wear very long riding skirts, and made of full breadths, gathered into a band. Her mother had a new habit at the time the accident occurred. It was grey ladies' cloth, and was still hanging in a closet, a useless garment.

After my working such wonders with her other old dresses, Nellie brought this out for my inspection, and we ripped it up. I liked the color, but Nellie said dye it a rich brown, several shades lighter than seal brown. It was such heavy goods that it required extra care to dye it, and as it was not wanted very dark, we only used one and one-half packages of brown diamond dye.

It was made with an eight-gored skirt, without lining, and plainly bound on the bottom with skirt braid. Up each seam was sewed a small, brown silk cord. The basque was cut a plain, round one, and the outside had to be pieced about three inches from the bottom across most of the pieces. The fronts of the old jacket and the sleeves were dyed, and every scrap was used.

Now for the trimmings. When Nellie was eight or ten years old, her pa brought her home from a trip to New York, a sacque, tippet, muff and cap of white astrakhan. I knew she still had them, and told her they would furnish a fashionable trimming for her suit. After ripping them all up, we dyed them a shade lighter than the dress with the remaining half package of diamond dye. By careful cutting and skilful joining, we got out enough to put a six inch band all around the bottom of the skirt; a four inch band around the bottom of the basque, and a binding up the front edge; four inch cuffs and a medict collar. The front was decorated with nine brown silk frogs. There was quite a lot of little pieces of the astrakhan left, and these we cut into squares—some one inch and others one inch and a half square. The smaller ones were oblique'd at regular intervals to the upper parts of the sleeves, and the larger ones were applied in the same way to the skirt, forming three rows of spots above the band. We got the style of the costume from the *Delineator*, as many of you will doubtless recognize.

There was nothing left to to make a toque of. So Nellie bought a brown felt sailor, with lighter brown pompons and quills. I was sorry that there was not enough of the cloth and astrakhan to make her a muff.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

In our clippings this week is the first "spring poem" that has reached us. The measure is somewhat halting, but the "feeling" expressed is evidently genuine. The writer has our sympathy, in that she will probably be obliged to endure spring once a year as long as she remains on earth:

SPRING.

I love the scorching rays
Of the hot, midsummer sun,
And 'mid the biting blasts of winter
Is the time for jolly fun.

The gorgeous autumn days
I love with all my heart;
But, oh! when gentle spring comes
I long hence to depart.

With its singing birds
And muddy roads;
Its sweet love-songs
And screeching toads.

When life is a burden,
And the garden is to make;
When with each lovely flower
We find a wriggling snake!

Then we talk new hats
And garden seeds,
While we're cleaning house
And pulling weeds.

How sweet 'twould be,
To have beauty and wealth;
To be blest with,
Continuous good health.

But of all things,
For me, the one thing
Would be a life
Without any spring.

—[M. D.

I am doing all the sewing that I can, making children's summer suits, and preparing short suits and every-day dresses for my baby girl, so when it gets warm I can lay away her long dresses, and her short suits will be ready for use. I am making up bedding and all underwear, and at the same time, evenings, I am piecing quilts and sewing carpet rags, so I will be ready when gardening comes; I will be ready for business and nothing on my hands to bother me. I shall make lots of butter, for we will milk six cows, and will raise lots of chickens. We are doing well, and have had no bad luck; only once has the sad, dark shadow passed through our home, when we laid our dear mother to rest.—KANSAS DRAUGH.

I quite agree with M. Kimball as to the badge for the HOUSEHOLD; of course, it will not be handsome, yet it will be within reach of all. We must remember that a great many who will attend the World's fair will not want to go to any unnecessary expense. I, for one, would not complain, nor do without a badge if it did cost a few dollars, but all are not the same as I. My parents and a few relatives live in Chicago and, of course, I intend to go to the fair.

I don't wish to change the subject, but would like to know what has become of "Montana May?" How I miss her; also "Jeanie." Although I haven't done much towards the HOUSEHOLD, yet; there isn't any one who takes more interest in it than I. We have been taking THE BLADE for six years, and I couldn't keep house without it. I make some very nice pan cakes and my husband says "they are the best he ever ate." Just think of it, better than his mother can make. But then he is not a growler. We have been married eight years, and next to my school days they have been my happiest years. If the HOUSEHOLD wants those cake recipes I shall gladly send them. My little boy asked me "who I was writing to," and I told him "to THE BLADE," then he says "tell them I send a kiss".—JIM'S WIFE.

Inquiries.

Can any one give me the cause, and remedy, of my chickens going blind? They are in fine condition when they first go blind, sometimes in one and sometimes in both eyes, a little white speck growing over the sight, and of course they starve to death in time. I have been using the Douglas mixture every day this spring. Could that be the cause, and is it contagious?—MRS. K.

Will some one tell how to keep worms out of dried fruit?—BOTHERATION.

Can any one tell me the name of the author of "Kate Ketchem," a parody on "Maud Muller?"—A STRANGER.

Will some one who understands how to dress "little folks" tell me how to dress a boy 5 years old, small for his age, economy and good taste to be taken into consideration?—AN IGNORANT MOTHER.

Will some one please give recipe for stiffening sombrero hats; one that will not wet through in rain, or break, and easily applied?—COW PUNCHER.

Will some one tell me what is meant by the "coarse brown flour" given in a recipe for black fruit cake?—A BLADE ADMIRER.

Can any one give a certain remedy for excessive perspiration around the arm pits?—AUNT MOLLIE.

Will some one send recipe for a pandowdy?—MARGARET VENNER.

Can any one give a recipe for cleaning Parian marble—one that will not cause it to turn yellow?—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Clover:—Thank you for your cheerful letter and words of encouragement, and appreciation of THE HOUSEHOLD. Do not hesitate to send answers to inquiries. If every one waited for some one else, it would be useless for any one to ask for information.—ED.

E. Woodbury:—You are only one of the many readers of THE BLADE who are curious about the cut at the head of THE HOUSEHOLD. It is not intended to represent anything in particular. We expect soon to have a new heading for this department, which we trust will please our readers.—ED.

A Subscriber:—The knit underwear, being made almost entirely by machinery, would not come in the same class as the other work you mention, though there are many places where these machines are run by women, and in such instances of course they earn very little.—ED.

S. S.:—If you will consult a map of Ohio, you can obtain the information you desire. It would take up too much room to answer your inquiry in THE HOUSEHOLD.—ED.

Miss Emma H.:—All the requisites for becoming a proof reader have been given in THE BLADE several times. Why not go to some editor in your own city and ask him? You could learn much more in a personal interview than by correspondence.—ED.

G. F. E.:—First, say you will do so, with pleasure. Second, it is not necessary to escort the lady further than the gate upon returning from a drive, unless it is very dark and she is timid. In such a case, if as you say "you have a team to look after"—you will have to fasten the team safely and escort the lady to the door and see that she is safe inside the house before you leave her.—ED.

Face:—Perhaps face massage treatment would be the best thing for you to try. It is said to be very beneficial in such cases.—ED.

Vulcan:—It would be eminently proper for a gentleman to offer a lady the attention under the circumstances. It should be given and accepted in a courteous manner and the gentleman should never presume upon the incident to claim recognition from the lady should they meet again. Your other questions were evidently mislaid as we have no recollection of them.—ED.

Mrs. H. M.:—Goods dyed with the diamond fast blacks will not "crock" if properly treated. Rinse out all the color possible, and when little or no stain comes out, put the goods into a tub of hot soapsuds, and scour them well. You must be sure to boil the goods the allotted time, or a little longer. A second bath in the soapsuds never fails with me, to get out every particle of loose dye. All dark colors, such as black, brown, bottle green and navy blue, require a good bath and rubbing, in hot soapsuds, to get out the loose dye.—JEAN HUNT.

T. P. R.:—Eating three olives one hour after each meal, masticating them thoroughly, will prove to be an effectual remedy for indigestion. If you do not like them at first, persevere in their use, and after a few days' trial, you will like them, and find great relief.—E. A. C.

Any Sunday school or school of any kind that is in want of good reading in the way of papers, can get some by sending a request to M. S. Wetherell, Latchie, O.

Breakfast Menu for Monday.

Fruit.
Hominy. Sugar and Cream.
Broiled Salt Mackerel. Fish Sauce.
Fried Potatoes.
Corn Bread. Coffee.

Recipes.

BROILED SALT MACKEREL.—Soak the fish over night in plenty of cold water. In the morning wash it in fresh water and wipe dry, carefully removing all of the black skin from the inside. Brush it with melted butter and broil over a clear fire, first with the flesh side down, then turn, and broil the other side, taking great care not to allow it to burn. When done, place on a hot platter, season with pepper, a little salt and a very little butter and serve very hot.

FISH SAUCE.—Beat the yolks of 3 eggs, add 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley; ½ teaspoonful salt; 1 table-spoonful of finely chopped gherkins; 1 tablespoonful of vinegar and enough olive oil or melted butter to make it of the desired consistency. To be made as for mayonnoise.

CORN BREAD.—Scald thoroughly, 1 qt. of corn meal, and when cold, stir into it a piece of butter the size of an egg; a little salt; 2 eggs beaten without separating; 1 pt. of sour milk. Beat all well together; add 2 teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix well and bake in a well greased tin, in a quick oven for 30 minutes.

HARD SOAP (for E. U. L.)—Take 3 gals. soft water, put in box lye. When it begins to boil, add 5½ lbs. of any kind of grease; lard, meat skins, and trimmings, or tallow. Let boil till the lye will not seperate from the grease, then take off, let it cool and cut out to dry. There will be no lye in the bottom of kettle and no grease on top if properly boiled.

If the lady who wished to know of some way to toughen a child's skin so it would not get sore in the summer, will wash the little one carefully every day with soft, tepid water and castile soap (the red mottled not the white). I think she will be pleased with the result. A slight dusting with sub-nitrate of bismuth is also very effective.—JIM'S WIFE.

CURE FOR CATARRH.—Boil a piece of columbo root till the strength is all out, and take 1 tablespoonful three times a day.—J. G.

FOR CATARRH.—Cleanse with common salt 1 dr., water 1 pt. Then use the following in the same manner: Sulphate of zinc 1 dr., water 1 pt. Useful where there is a profuse discharge and dropping at the back of the throat.

Into the nose from the hand or a sponge.

FOR CRAMPS.—If it is a griping pain in the bowels, apply hot dry fomentations to the abdomen and use a large, hot enema, the following to be taken: Essense of peppermint, ½ dr.; laudanum, 2 drops; hot water, 2 oz—one dose. A teaspoonful of finely powdered vegetable charcoal in half a glass of water after each meal is a preventative.—MRS. B. P. S.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION.—Take the lining of a chicken gizzard, pulverize, and take equal parts of that and common baking soda about the size of a large pea immediately after eating; rinse your mouth with very little water. Have your meals regular and if you dine from home take your powder with you. Try this as long as you did the hot water cure, and I believe you will find relief.—MRS. E. T. BOWERS.

—The prostration after the Grip is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does make the weak strong.

STORY OF THE PRESENT

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY, AUTHOR.

Roger Hunt and Elinor Thaxter the Hero and Heroine—A Book Vigorously Written—Lessons Learned From Other Lives.

A BOOK which plunges the reader at once in *medias res*, rousing an interest which is unflagging to the very end, is entitled "Roger Hunt." The author is Celia Parker Woolley, who wrote a novel some time ago which attracted considerable attention, called "Rachel Armstrong; or, Love and Theology." The present volume is, in some respects, an advance upon the former work. Not that the plot of the story is any better, but there is a strength in much of it, an intensity in development which that did not possess.

In the very first page the man and woman who enter into the following pages, and who are the two whose lives, interwoven together, form such a complex picture, are brought to our acquaintance. Roger Hunt and Elinor Thaxter lived in a university town named Xenophon. He was a strong, handsome man, possessing an unusually refined, sensitive nature, and yet showing, in many cases, a dullness of comprehension, where others were concerned, that seemed to pass belief, unless the perception came of the real selfishness that underlaid the other qualities. Of him the author writes: "Roger Hunt belonged to that fanatical order of mind which is never so sure it is right as when it is standing alone. He had all a martyr's courage with nothing of the martyr's meekness; would have submitted to burn at the stake for opinion's sake, but would have made the fire tender some trouble. The feelings of others toward him generally went to one or the other extreme of strong affection and sympathy, or downright dislike and suspicion. His friends praised his purity, his courage and devotion to principle, while his critics pronounced him arbitrary, unfeeling and petty." And further on she says of him: "He was a man of keen and brilliant intellect, which he used as remorselessly at times as a physical giant does his superior muscular strength."

The woman, Elinor Thaxter, had a refined face with large, melancholy eyes that be-spoke depths of feeling and mental unrest. She was one who would sacrifice herself to anybody she loved without hesitation, and then die from self-reproach if by this sacrifice she had broken what she believed to be a moral law. It is easy to see when two such characters as these were lovers, that she would be in a measure helpless before his strong insistency.

HE is urging her in these first pages to go with him away from all who know them across the water, where they may make a home for themselves free from all that tries them here. The following will explain something of the circumstances surrounding them:

"What is it we lose?" he asked at length, with another touch of impatience. "What is it anybody loses?"

"Oh, if I could be sure of that!" she replied in trembling tones. "If there were only ourselves to think about!"

"Come now," he said, putting a restraint upon himself. "Who else is there to think about? On one side a churl of a brother," pointing towards the house she was about to enter, "who grudges the bread his sister eats." She made a deprecatory motion of the hand, but he would not heed her. "On the other, a woman at the inebriate hospital who be es my name, and in the place I call home," with bitter emphasis, "her ill-tempered sister, who has brought up my boy to fear and distrust his father."

She trembled and turned pale at this pitiless revelation of affairs she so well understood before.

"Dearest," he went on in altered tone, bending near until his face almost touched hers, "if I meant to wrong or injure any one of them, if I did not make ample provision for each and all, if I did not know my presence was as hateful to them as theirs to me—What is it any one will lose?" he repeated impetuously.

"Oh, I know, I know," she murmured. "You are wiser than I. You have thought deeply on all these subjects; I try to understand, but"—a long tremulous sigh escaped her—"And now can you prove to me who will lose?" she began again, speaking with difficulty. "There is the child. Surely he will lose—" She ended in painful embarrassment, which her companion did not seem to share in the least, though he kept silent for a space, bending accusing eyes on her.

"No, it is you who are wise," he said in a mournful tone, "very wise, very safe, and very cruel." Her thin cheek flushed.

"It is too much," he exclaimed, "too much to expect of any woman. I had begun to think there was one who understood the essential values of things, who could distinguish between the merely conventional and that which is everlastingly right and true, who had some power of just discrimination." He paused abruptly, she flushed again, and deeper, and this time with pain at the overt reproach in his words than pride in their implied praise. No woman willingly submits to see herself lowered in the eyes of the man she cares for, either as friend or lover, even when her own judgment sustains her.

OF course he prevailed upon her by his strong arguments, backed by his love appealing to hers, to go away with him. The pages that follow depict in the most striking and pitiless way the terrible punishment that came to the weaker one who thus defied public opinion. He, strong in his self-love and the belief that he could not do wrong, cared nothing for that was like death to her sensitive nature. The consequence was that her self-reproach, her sorrow, and her suffering which were a constant reproach to him, gave him a sense of injury which his was not the nature to bear patiently. Therefore, in the course of time his love waned. The clinging dependency that seemed adorable to him in the first flush of the strong, manful pride, shield and help to bear him down with its very weight, had joined the Great European circus, and for the first time had breathed pure air and had seen those beautiful pastoral sights, which are every day pictures in nature's great book. The day he left was a spring morning, and all the inhabitants of the alleys in one of the worst quarters of Philadelphia had gone out into the court to enjoy the warm sunshine. Men in rags, with bloated faces and heavy, watery eyes, sat listlessly on doorsteps and curbstones. They were each a living example of what a hideous shape may be made out of the human body.

Children played in the mud of alley and gutter, or fought and quarreled on sidewalk or in hallway. It was a part of the city known as "bad," and of which no good parent ever spoke in any but the most solemn tones, as though too horrible to mention at a cheerful fireside.

Yet out of this dark place Nap had come. He had never known his father, and learned to despise the woman who called herself his mother, and who never caressed him except when in her cups.

His education had been to fight, to steal, to lie, and to do everything which most of the human race in childhood is taught to shun. Around him were others who had been born in the same wretched quarters, whose early life was but the counterpart of his, and whose later life was spent in law-breaking, and at last usually ending in prison. He was fourteen that morning when Diggles, for a golden double-eagle, purchased him from his mother and dragged Nap away. Diggles had not always been kind to him, nor yet so hard a master as to make him wish one moment for the close air of the slums.

All summer they had wandered through beautiful valleys, over high hills, along rivers of sparkling water, had seen villages, towns and cities, and life in the great world, which to him in the alleys had been bounded by high brick walls and overhanging cornices. In the midst of a dream that all this pleasure would not yet to come in the days of the waning summer and early fall was to be lost to him, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and awoke with a start.

"So you are the only protector Diggles has," was the jolly remark, accompanied by a somewhat uproarious laugh that brought the boy to his feet.

"You here, Mack?" he said, "I thought you were going away."

"Not until I saw you," replied the man; "I came to tell you now, and to say good-by."

"And what am I to do!" was the answer, and there were tears in Nap's eyes.

"You? You can go with me; in fact I have come to tell you so, and to tell you my little fellow—and he lifted Nap from the ground and nearly crushed him in his arms—"I want you, if you are bound to become a great showman, to let me teach you all I know about the business."

"O, I know that now!" said Nap; "I am going to be a better clown when I get as large as you."

The clown laughed and dropped the boy, took him by the hand and led him

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

HUNTSVILLE, ILL.

Johnnie B. Pearce, Lucy Pearce,
Ethel Pearce, Earle Husson,
Bert Crouch, Amy Crouch,
Everett Bishop.

WOODLAWN, ILL.

Carrie Vincenz.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O.

Mary R. Wiley, Mattie C. Berry,
Lizzie Hutton, John M. Hutton,
Clarence A. Johnson, Everett Berry,
Allman A. Wiley, David Armstrong,
Gertrude Armstrong, Lizzie Caldwell.

Names this week, 18. Total, 31,963.

The above embraces all names received up to March 28.

NEAR AND FAR.

At the Little-End-of-Nowhere lived a single little man;
He had nobody for company but a little black-and-tan;
There was not much to do there, as perhaps you will suppose,
For as he had no neighbors, he had neither friends nor foes.

And so he fell to wondering, and wondered night and day;
"I wonder why the people live so very far away!
They must find it inconvenient, I should think—extremely so!
For when they come here, they will have so very far to go!"

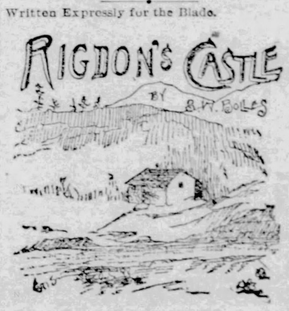
At last he took a high resolve; he said: "I'll go and see
Why those misguided people live so far away from me!
Perhaps it is their ignorance, and I can set them right,
Before they grow so very old that it will be too late!"

So he walked, and walked, and walked, and walked, until he found a city,
And to the people he expressed his wonderment and pity.
He was completely thunderstruck when some one chanced to say,
"'Tis you, my worthy little friend, who lives so far away!"

He went home pondering deeply; he said, "It cannot be!
That people is insane—'tis they that live so far from me!
But I'll be patient with them, and perhaps they'll learn some day,
That such a distance from my home must needs be far away!"

—[Margaret Vandegrift, in St. Nicholas.

Written Expressly for the Blade.



CHAPTER I.

Diggles was dead. There was no doubt about it. There was no movement of the muscles, no sound of breathing, and nothing but grim silence and the solemn stillness of the summer evening in the little tent where his body lay. No one came to weep by his side, and only a burly teamster drew near at intervals to see that no one was molesting the death chamber. And still his death cast a shadowy gloom over the performance of the Great European circus in the large tent near by that afternoon.

Now that it was over, and nearly all the country folks gone home, and the silence of the summer evening coming on, Nap crept along the wall of the great tent, and, with a shudder, peered in where the white cloth hid from view the man who only a little while before had called him, the boy, his slave.

I am not sure that any one would call that face, old beyond its years, handsome. There was a look in the bright, blue eyes which told of defiance. The hand pushed through beyond the curtain was thin and small, and the figure as it stood erect was of a boy of 10, though he was fully 14.

He moved cautiously across the bit of carpet thrown on the grass, and sat down in the gathering twilight beside the body of his master. The hum of voices outside, the soft breeze fanning his cheek, the gentle melody which comes with the setting sun, lulled the boy to sleep.

Three months before, Napoleon Bonaparte Rigdon, whose named seemed altogether too handsome and too large for him down with its very weight, had joined the Great European circus, and for the first time had breathed pure air and had seen those beautiful pastoral sights, which are every day pictures in nature's great book. The day he left was a spring morning, and all the inhabitants of the alleys in one of the worst quarters of Philadelphia had gone out into the court to enjoy the warm sunshine. Men in rags, with bloated faces and heavy, watery eyes, sat listlessly on doorsteps and curbstones. They were each a living example of what a hideous shape may be made out of the human body.

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"You? You can go with me; in fact I have come to tell you so, and to tell you my little fellow—and he lifted Nap from the ground and nearly crushed him in his arms—"I want you, if you are bound to become a great showman, to let me teach you all I know about the business."

"O, I know that now!" said Nap; "I am going to be a better clown when I get as large as you."

The clown laughed and dropped the boy, took him by the hand and led him out beyond the stable where the horses were feeding, past the wagons and debris, beyond the group of boys gathered for the evening performance, until they halted at the little grassy knoll, and here sat down. Nap hugging close to the side of his big friend. Away down the valley began the dim lights of the farm houses, twinkling brighter and brighter, until those in the village at their feet shone with their full radiance. Dimly outlined against the sky, far on the other side of the town rose long ranges of hills whose summits wrapped in the hazy mist could be seen so big and blue throughout the day. The moon just beginning to rise soon made all the trees and rocks on the summit of the ridge stand out in bold relief; and as the edge, as Nap called it, of the lunar orb came up slowly into sight, it cast a pale glow over everything which but a moment before had been so obscured by the darkness.

Neither the clown nor Nap spoke for some minutes; they were gazing at the beautiful picture, which only one who has been denied the sight for years can fully appreciate. If we could all be blind for a month or even a week each year, how many beautiful things could be seen during the time of wakening.

"Nap," said the clown softly, "after all, I don't want you to be a showman. Look at me and you can see the reason why. It has done me no good; I am no better off to-day than you are. You have everything before you now; mine is all in the past. To-morrow Diggles's European circus will be boxed up and quit business; for a sheriff will take the tents and horses and wagons and everything and sell them for what he owed. I guess that's what alled Diggles. He was not so bad a man as he might have been. Sometimes it seems as if he'd have been a better man if he'd had a better bringin' up. But we can't always be a choosin' of whose goin' to bring us up. No, no, I don't want you to go with me. I do and I don't. If you don't go with me you must go for yourself. It will be 'Mr. Rigdon' even if you ain't quite big enough to be called a man."

Nap did not speak. He was fairly choking with the thought of being left alone even in this beautiful valley, but he knew that Mack Redmond, the clown, would not take him when he had said that he would not. "Mack never went back on his word," was a saying of his companions.

"I am goin' now," said Redmond, as he heard Nap crying softly, "my train will be down the creek in ten minutes. The boys have taken all my baggage, and I only stayed to say good-by."

He caught Nap up into his arms, pressed him closer, and putting him again on his feet, placed something in his hands, and ran away as lightly as though he were running about the ring in the Great European circus with the trick donkey fast at his heels.

CHAPTER II.

Nap stole softly back and peered into the tent where Diggles's body had been, but it was there no longer. The evening performance had commenced, but it was a dismal failure. Redmond, the clown, was unlucky and his funny stories and peculiar antics, which had been the delight of the hund

News of the Week.

☞ THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; econd, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE SILVER BATTLE.

The Night Struggle on Thursday—The Vote Staved Off—The Bill Regarded as Dead for This Session.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The last legislative day of the silver debate opened with crowded galleries and a full attendance of members of the House.

The greatest diligence has been exerted by the leaders of both sides for the past three days to secure the presence of every member who is not absent from the city when the hour of final vote arrives, and so well have they succeded in their efforts that only the gentlemen who have been granted leave by the House were absent when the gavel fell to-day, and these are so equally divided upon the question that neither side derived any advantage from their non-attendance.

Under the notice of Chairman Bland yesterday that he would, at 2 o'clock this afternoon

Immediately after the reading of the journal, the period of general debate was extended three hours by the announcement of Mr. Bland that he

Would Postpone the Motion

for the previous question until 5 o'clock, in order to give the opportunity for a greater debate.

Representative Williams, of Illinois, a Democratic member of the committee on coinage, opened the debate in favor of the bill.

"I am in favor of sound currency, "said he, "but one of sufficient volume to conduct with ease, all the exchanges desired by the people. I believe that the volume of our money would increase as the volume of exchangeable products increases. The unit of value is a creature of law, and the power of declaring what shall constitute the unit of value in the United States, is vested in Congress alone.(Applause. Gentlemen about 30 cents flat in the present silver dollar. I reply that we aro

Increasing Our Currency To-day

with paper dollars that have one hundred cents a flat. If France was able for over sixty years to maintain the parity between gold and silver, I say that the United States, with her sixty-five million of people, with her vast resources, is able to restore to the silver coin that confidence of the people which existed before this government itself destroyed it."

The gentleman stated that silver coinage in the bi-metallic countries had been limited; and if under those circumstances they have been able to maintain parity how much easier it would be to maintain that parity after the United States adopts free coinage and the value of silver is increased? He denied that free coinage would

Drive Gold Out of the Country.

While free coinage of silver might, through the hostility of the government and the influences of money-lenders, force gold to a premium for a while, it would be but temporary. He criticised the present administration for working against this bill and said that if it passed the House he had no doubt the administration would exert all its mighty influence to force gold to a premium and create a feeling of trepidation to prevent the passage of the bill by the Senate.

If we are to use gold and silver as money, he believed we should have a fixed ratio. But that could never be done while one was used as money and the other as a commodity. The only fixed value gold has is its coin value. Its relative value changes just as often as an over-production or under-production changes its purchasing value.

"Does my colleague hold," inquired Mr. Wyke, of Illinois, "that

The Passage of this Bill

and the adoption of free coinage in this country will have an equal effect upon bullion throughout the world, without a monetary conference and agreement between the nations of the earth?"

"I will say it will have that effect upon the silver bullion owners of the world, and I say that of the entire product of the world less than $100,000,000 would come to our mints. I say that the silver coin of Europe is already at par with gold." (Applause.)

"But bullion is not," persisted Mr. Wike.

"But the United States is capable of taking care of the bullion yet uncoined." (Applause.) Concluding, Mr. Williams warned the Republicans that, although the Democrats might now be somewhat divided upon this question, they would be united in November on the great issue—tariff reform—and success would crown their efforts in the next campaign. (Applause.)

WASHINGTON, March 25.—In the House yesterday afternoon the debate on Bland's free silver bill was continued.

Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, said he believed that this question was a national one, and therefore of necessity, a party one. It was utterly impossible for the Democratic party to ignore its past history, its promises and pledges to the people on this subject. No amount of sophistry, no selfish or sectional appeal could draw from this question the pledges made by the Democratic party in 28 states, in which that party declared that silver would be restored to the place it occupied in 1873, when it was demonetized, not by the Democratic party, not by Democratic votes, but by a Republican Congress. He was in hearty accord with the position taken by his state on this question since 1878. Every man who held his seat here by the votes of the Missouri Democracy, came here pledged by the action of the Democratic convention to support the bill for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

A Lively Little Tilt.

The gentleman from Massachusetts (Williams) had attempted to read him out of the Democratic party. [Laughter.] "Why, my dear young friend," ejaculated Mr. Hatch, "you have not learned the first lesson of Democracy yet. You know no more of Democratic principles and the Democratic party than you know of what is going on in the world beyond." [Laughter and applause.] The first duty of a Democrat is to abide by the decision of his caucus and his convention [applause], and when the gentleman undertakes to read me out of the Democratic party I simply resent it with the indignation of a Democrat who never scratched a ticket and never bolted a nomination. [Laughter and applause.]

"Can you refer me to a Democratic platform that ever declared for free silver?" asked Mr. Williams. [Applause.]

"When you want a Democratic platform," replied Mr. Hatch, "you will get it from Democrats, and not from

Men Whose Swaddling Clothes

have not been off for a week or a month, or a year." [Laughter.]

"You want to read me out of the party," said Mr. Williams.

"No, sir," said Mr. Hatch, "but you stated that the time was coming when the Democratic party must choose between Democratic New England and the Alliance party of the South and West. I am ready to take my stand now. I will swap you for the barefooted statesman from Kansas [loud and long-continued laughter], and I will take your colleague and give him too if I can win back the Democrat from Georgia (Watson), who has gone astray. [Laughter.] And if that will not do, I will throw another one overboard." [Laughter.]

Mr. E. B. Taylor, of Ohio, said he had no doubt the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Hatch) believed and would tell his people the galleries were filled with people paid to sit out the debate by the money classes. [Laughter.] He was surprised, however, to see that gentleman stand here and say the repeal of the law of 1875 was the greatest infamy of this century, and that it was done by the Republican party, by a Republican Congress and a Republican President. And yet the gentleman knew that not a single Democrat voted against that measure in the United States Senate; that Allen G. Thurman voted for it [applause]; that Thomas F. Bayard voted for it [applause], and that the only votes cast against it were cast by Republicans. And yet these silver men were here condemning the Republican party for it. [Applause.]

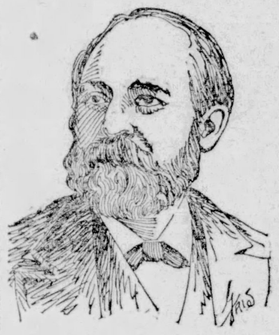
Messrs. Cockran, Cummings, Dingley, Loud, Taylor (Illinois), English and Smith (Illinois), spoke against the measure, and Messrs. Bunn, Bartine, Sweet and Patterson advocated the passage of the bill.

Demanded the Previous Question

on the pending bill. Mr. Burrows, like half the members of the House, was on his feet, but he was there not from anxiety but as his party's spokesman.

The chair recognized him and Mr. Burrows moved to lay the pending bill on the table and said that motion took precedence of the motion of the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Bland), and demanded the yeas and nays on his motion.

The chair decided in favor of Mr. Burrows and then amid intense excitement the clerk began to call the roll on



SILVER DOLLAR BLAND.

Mr. Burrows's motion, which brought the question to a square test vote.

Excitement was intense as the call progressed and members plainly showed it in the restless manner with which they moved about and crowded to the space in front of the Speaker's desk.

At the conclusion of the roll call the excitement had risen to fever heat. At first a rumor spread that the motion had been carried by three votes and that the Bland bill was beaten. An anti-silver man in the rear of the house started to shout, but quickly checked himself as a doubt overcame him.

Crisp Makes a Tie Vote.

Private information given out that the vote stood yeas 148, nays 147, excited every member, and the aisles were thronged as the clerk proceeded to recapitulate the vote. The tension to which the members were subjected had the effect of reducing them to a state of comparative quiet, although anxiety was shown on every countenance. But in the galleries the buzz of expectation was very noticeable, and it was with difficulty that the clerk, reading in a clear, resonant voice, could make himself heard. The recapitulation being completed, the Speaker rose from his chair to announce the result, but before doing so recognized the clerk to call his name. The clerk called, "Mr. Crisp, of Georgia," and "Mr. Crisp, of Georgia," availing himself of his right as a representative, cast his vote in the negative, amid the deafening applause of the advocates of the measure.

Mr. Bland, of Missouri, not aware that this vote saved his measure from immediate annihilation, changed his vote from the negative to the affirmative in order that he might have an opportunity to move a reconsideration, but being advised in a moment that the motion was defeated by a tie vote, again changed to the negative. In the meantime the members had clustered in the space in front of the Speaker's desk, and many of them propounded questions as to the side upon which they were recorded. In each case the reply was a satisfactory one, and no change was made in the result.

The following is the vote in detail:

Yeas—Messrs. Amerman, Andrew, Atkinson, Bacon, Barwig, Belden, Belknap, Beltzhoover, Bentley, Bergen, Bingham, Boutelle, Bowman, Brawley, Brickner, Broslus, Brunner, Buchanan (N. J.), Bunting, Burrows, Bushnell, Cable, Caldwell, Ohio, Cartle, Causey, Chapin, Chipman, Clancy, Cobb (Mo.), Coburn, Cockran, Cogswell, Coolidge, Coombs, Covert, Cox (N. Y.), Craig, (Pa.), Crosby, Cummings, Curtis, Cutting, Dalzell, Daniell, DeForest, Dingley, Doane, Doi, liver, Dunphy, English, Fellows, Fitch, Flickgeary, Geissenhamer, Gillespie, Greenleaf-Griswold, Grout, Hall, Hallowell, Hamilton, Harmer, Harter, Haugen, Hayes (Iowa), Haines (Ohio), Henderson (Iowa), Hitt, Hoar, Hooker (N. Y.), Hopkins (Pa.), Hopkins (Ill.), Hoak (Tenn.), Hull, Hull, Johnson (Ind.), Johnson (Md.), Ketcham, Kribbs, Lagan, Lapham, Land, Little, Lockwood, Lodge, Lund, Lynch, Magner, McAleer, McDonald, McGann, McKaig, McKenna, McKinney, Meyer, Miller Milliken, Mitchell, Mutchler, Newberry, O'Donnell, O'Neil (Mass.), O'Neil (Pa.), Outhwaite, Page (R. I.), Page (Md.), Parkison (Ohio), Payne, Perkins, Post, Powers, Quackenbush, Raines, Randall, Ray, Rayner, Reed, Reyburn, Rife, Robinson (Pa.), Russell, Scull, Seerley, Shaw, Sim (Ill.), Sperry, Stephenson, Stevens, C. W. Stone, Storer, Stout, Stump, Taylor (Ill.), J. D. Taylor, Tracey, Walker, Warner, Waugh, Weaver, Wheeler (Mich.), Wilcox, Williams (Mass.), Wilson (Ky.), Wilson (Wash.), Wilson (W. Va.), Wolverton, Wright —148.

Nays—Messrs. Abbott, Alderson, Alexander, Allen, Arnold, Babbitt, Bailey, Baker, Bankhead, Bartine, Beeman, Blanchard, Bland, Blount, Bowers, Branch, Breckinridge (Ark.), Breckinridge (Ky.), Bretz, Broderick, Brookshire, Bryan, Buchanan (Va.), Bullock, Bunn, Busey, Butler, Byrum, Byrns, Camberlin, Capehart, Caruth, Cate, Clark (Wyo.), Clarke (Ala.), Cobb (Ala.), Cowles, Cox (Tenn.), Crain (Texas), Crawford, Culberson, Davis, Dearmond, Dickerson, Dixon, Dockery, Dungan, Ellis, Epes, Everett, Fithian, Forney, Fowler, Funston, Kean, Gantz, Goodnight, Gorman, Grady, Halvorson, Haro, Harries, Hatch, Heard, Heiphill, Henderson (N. C.), Hoermann, Holman, Houk (Ohio), Johnson (Ohio), Jolley, Kem, Kilgore, Kyle, Lane, Lannan, Lawson (Va.), Lawsin (Ga.), Layton, Lester (Ga.), Lewis, Livingston, Long, Mallory, Mansur, Martin, McClellan, McCreary, McKeighan, McMillin, McRea, Meredith, Mills, Montgomery, Moore, Moses, Norton, O'Ferrell, O'Neill (Mo.), Otis, Owens, Parrett, Patterson (Tenn.), Paschal, Payton, Pearson, Pendleton, Pickler, Pierce, Price, Reilly, Richardson, Robertson (La.), Rockwell, Sayers, Scott, Shively, Simpson, Snodgrass, Snow, Stack, Stone, Steward (Ill.), Stewart (Tex.), Stockdale, Stone (Ky.), Sweet, V. A. Taylor, Terry, Tillman, Townsend, Tucker, Turner, Turpin, Warwick, Washington, Watson, Weadock, Wheeler (Ala.), White, Whiting, Williams (N. C.), Williams (Ill.), Wilson (Mo.), Winn, Wise, Youmans and the Speaker—148.

As the inquiries as to the manner in which they had been recorded were being answered, Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, with his hat on, hastily strode into the House and said he desired to have his vote recorded.

Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, at once moved to adjourn.

The motion temporarily left members at sea as to their course. Mr. Bland, striding in a parliamentary inquiry, asked if the effect of an adjournment would be to make another special order necessary to call up the bill.

The Speaker said it would. The vote on adjournment was declared lost—yeas 90, nays 193.

Parliamentary Sparring.

Then Mr. Johnson, of Ohio, took his hand in the fight with a motion to reconsider the vote by which the House refused to table the bill, and Mr. Bland parried his foil with a motion to lay that motion on the table.

The motion to table the motion to reconsider was rejected—yeas 145, nays 149. Then it was the turn of the anti-silver men to applaud, and they did so with vim and enthusiasm.

The Speaker stated that the vote recurred on the motion to reconsider, and Mr. Reed, of Maine, sprang to his feet and demanded the yeas and nays, and the roll was called. Then the thunderstorm which had been brooding over the House for the entire day burst in full violence, and for twenty minutes or more the cyclone raged supreme throughout the House.

The Speaker (without ordering a recapitulation) announced that the motion to reconsider was defeated by a tie vote of yeas 148, nays 148.

Mr. Cockran demanded a recapitulation of the vote. The Speaker stated that the demand came too late. The confusion was then redoubled, and the Speaker was compelled to call in the services of the sergeant-at-arms to restore order. Finally the vote was recapitulated by unanimous consent, and was announced as yeas 150, nays 148, and the result was loudly applauded by the anti-silverites.

The question was then on the motion to lay the pending bill on the table, and after a wild scene the vote was announced yeas 145, nays 148, so that the House refused to lay the bill on the table. The chair announced that the question recurred to Mr. Bland's motion for the previous question on the bill and amendments.

A motion to adjourn was lost—80 to 202.

Motions to adjourn, to take a recess, to adjourn till Saturday, and to adjourn till Monday, were all voted down, and then Mr. Bland, stating that it was evident that no fair vote could be taken then, moved an adjournment, which motion was carried at 12:35.

THE BILL IS DEAD

For this Session—Bland is Indignant, But It Does No Good.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The silver question is an issue of the past so far as the House of Representatives is concerned. The developments of yesterday clearly indicate that the all-powerful decree of cloture will not be invoked by the committee on Rules to assist the free coinage people in forcing a final vote on the passage of the bill, and without such a decree all the resources of parliamentary law will be powerless to resurrect the bill from the cemetery of unfinished business to which it has now been consigned."

It was not until the House had met and passed to the consideration of uninteresting routine business that Speaker Crisp finally announced yesterday that the committee on Rules would not deem it proper to report a rule preventing filibustering and forcing a vote unless a majority of the Democratic members should sign a petition demanding such an arbitrary procedure.

Mr. Bland was quite indignant, and insisted upon a rule, but the Speaker was obdurate and seemed to be supported by most of his prominent Democratic colleagues.

THE SHELVING OF BLAND'S BILL

Is a Great Blow to the Silver People in England.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The *Herald's* London correspondent cables his paper that the shelving of the Bland silver bill by Congress is a greater blow than people on that side care to admit. True, they never believed unreservedly in its success, but had much hope, and now the difficulties of the silver question are beginning to be appreciated. No one cares to express any definite opinion in regard to a future now, even the best informed being altogether bewildered.

SALISBURY'S REPLY.

He Evades the Question of Continuing the Modus Vivendi, but Nevertheless Comes Down From His High Horse.

LONDON, March 28.—Lord Salisbury, under date of March 26, has replied as follows to Sir Julian Pauncefote, in response to Mr. Wharton's note of March 23:

In reply to your telegram of the 23d instant, notice has been given to owners of ships sailing for Bering sea that both agreements at present under discussion between Great Britain and the United States—that as to arbitration and that as to an intermediate arrangement—may affect liberty of sealing in Bering sea. They have, therefore, notice of their liability to possible interruption, and will sail subject to that notice. The question of time is not, therefore, urgent. Inform the President that we concur in

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

thinking that when the treaty has been ratified there will arise a new state of things. Until it is ratified our conduct is governed by the language of your note of June 14, 1890. But when it is ratified both parties must admit that contingent

Rights Have Become Vested

In the other which both desire to protect. We think that the prohibition of sealing, if it stands alone, will be unjust to British sealers if the decision of the arbitrators should be adverse to the United States. We are, however, willing, when the treaty is ratified, to agree to an arrangement similar to that of last year if the United States will consent that the arbitration should, in the event of a decision adverse to the United States, assess the damages which the prohibition of sealing had inflicted on British sealers during the pendency of the arbitration, and in the event of a decision adverse to Great Britain, should assess the damages which the limitation of slaughter shall, during the pendency of arbitration, have inflicted on the United States or its lessees. As an alternative course, we are also willing, after the ratification of the treaty, to prohibit sealing in the disputed waters if vessels be excepted from prohibition which produce a certificate that they have given security for such damages as the arbitrators may assess in case of a decision adverse to Great Britain, the arbitrators to receive the necessary authority on that behalf. In this case a restriction of slaughter on the Islands will not, in point of equity, be necessary. Her majesty's government are unable to see any other than any one of these two methods of restricting seal hunting in the disputed waters during the arbitration, which would be equitable to both parties.

A Later Note.

A later note from Lord Salisbury to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated March 26, says:

With further reference to your telegram of the 23d instant: I am not prepared to admit that I gather that the President thinks that we have objected to the arbitrators having jurisdiction as to damages inflicted in the past by the party against whom the award is given. I only object that her majesty's government being liable for acts which they have not committed. I am ready to consent to a reference on this point on the following terms: That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the British government, that government may ask them further to decide whether the United States government have, since 1885, taken any action in Bering sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on the United States or their lessees, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby.

That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the government of the United States, that government may ask them to decide further whether the British government have, since 1885, taken any action in Bering sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on the United States or their lessees, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby.

On February 26, Sir Julian Pauncefote sent to Lord Salisbury the report of the United States consul at Victoria relative to the departure from that port of sealing vessels. On the 5th of March he forwarded Acting Secretary Wharton's note of that date. On March 9 Lord Salisbury instructed Sir Julian Pauncefote to communicate Mr. Wharton's note to Lord Stanley Preston, governor-general of Canada. On the 9th inst., George Baden Powell, one of the British commissioners, wrote to Lord Salisbury with reference to the *modus vivendi* as follows:

I am of the opinion that the taking of one season's limited crop cannot injure the seal herd, but although not necessary, the renewal of last year's prohibition and the 7,500 limit would be beneficial. As the Arbitration convention contains conditions regarding ocean rights, I hope the Canadian government has warned British Columbian sealers that the ultimate ownership of seals taken this year in Bering sea depends upon the verdict of arbitrators. The alternative for the sealers appears to be either to incur the expense of the catch, subject to this risk or to forgo, without compensation, one season's catch—say twenty thousand seals in Bering sea—on condition that 7,500 instead of $30,000 be taken on the islands, and increased number of seals in future seasons, and enhanced prices for this spring being also insured by such restriction."

AN AGREEMENT WILL BE REACHED.

Salisbury's Proposition Discussed Today.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—(Special.)—Salisbury's proposition on the sealing question seems likely to result in an agreement. The President had a talk with members of the Cabinet and members of the Foreign Affairs committee, and expressed gratification that Great Britain had conceded the general proposition that seals ought to be protected. The question whether the treaty should be ratified was discussed, and probably this will be done without further delay, except that provision for modus will be added. The President is preparing his reply to Salisbury. While scarcely probable the proposition will be accepted in its present form, it is generally believed it will lead to a satisfactory arrangement and avert hostilities.

A $15,000 BLAZE IN THE CAPITOL.

The Folding-Room of the House of Representatives Damaged.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—A fire occurred in the folding-room of the House of Representatives about 7 o'clock last evening, and destroyed a large number of public documents, mostly agricultural reports and memorial addresses, which had been prepared for mailing to different parts of the country. The fire department was promptly on hand, and soon had the fire under control. In accomplishing this, the office and corridors, which were closely packed with documents, were flooded with water to the depth of several inches, and the dense smoke permeated the entire building, including the House of Representatives. It took some time to clear the hall of smoke sufficiently to allow the evening session of the House to begin. The damage was about $15,000.

Millions for the Mississippi.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—A bill appropriating $18,500,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi river was passed in the Senate yesterday afternoon. Of this amount $10,000,000 is to be expended under the direction of the secretary of War in accordance with the plans of the Mississippi river commission, from the head of the passes to the mouth of the Ohio; $3,750,000 from the mouth of the Illinois river to St. Paul, Minn., and $5,000,000 from the mouth of the Ohio to the mouth of the Illinois. Not more than $2,000,000 a year is to be expended on the first part; $750,000 on the second part; and $1,000,000 on the third part.

52D CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MARCH 23.—Senate—Bills passed: For the relief of settlers on public lands; for the improvement of the Mississippi river (appropriating $18,750,000); bill appropriating $1,745,815 for the locks at the cascades of the Columbia river; bill appropriating $2,860,356 for a boat railway at the Dalles, Celilo Falls and Ten-mile Rapids of the Columbia river.

House—On three days' debate on the Bland silver bill began, the debate being opened by Mr. Bland for the bill, followed by Mr. Williams, of Massachusetts, (Democrat,) against the bill; Mr. Hooker, (Democrat,) of Ohio, also opposed the bill, as did Mr. Rayner, (Democrat), of Maryland. Mr. Taylor, (Republican), of Pennsylvania, offered an amendment that all pensions be paid in gold, and opposed the bill. Mr. Hopkins, (Democrat), of Illinois, and Mr. Epes, (Democrat), of Virginia, spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Stevens, (Democrat), of Massachusetts, opposed it. At the evening session, speeches in favor, were made by Messrs. Wendock, Bowers, Winn and Lewis, and against by Messrs. O'Donnell, Covert and Post.

MARCH 23.—Senate—The army and Indian appropriation bills were considered without action.

House—The silver debate was continued. Speeches were made by Messrs. Peace (Dem.), of Tennessee, and McKerghan (People's), of Nebraska, in favor of the bill, and by Messrs. Stone (Dem.), of Pennsylvania; Warner (Dem.), of New York; Brawley (Dem.) of South Carolina; Lynch (Dem.), of Missouri; Stout (Dem.), of Michigan; Pitch (Dem.) of New York, and Struble, of Iowa, against it. At the evening session, Messrs. Livingston, of Georgia; Abbott, of Texas; Townsend, of Colorado; Whiting, of Michigan, and Layton of Ohio, spoke in favor of the measure, and Messrs. Coombs and Bacon, of New York; Page, of Maryland; Walker, of Massachusetts, and Geisenhauer, of New Jersey, against it.

MARCH 24.—Senate—Resolution adopted calling for a list of employes in the government departments not under civil service rules. The Senate then went into executive session on the Bering sea matter, the greater part of the session being devoted to the discussion of a resolution endorsing the President's attitude in declaring a purpose to prevent seal poaching at all hazards, which the Senate strongly commended.

House—The civil appropriation bill was reported. The silver discussion continued until 5 p. m., when Mr. Bland moved the previous question. The account of the parliamentary struggle over the bill is given in full elsewhere.

MARCH 25.—Bill introduced to provide for postal savings banks. Bill passed appropriating $400,000 for a public building at Helena, Mont. Eulogies were delivered on the late Senator Hearst, of California. In executive session, two hours and a half were spent in further discussing the arbitration treaty with England.

House—The attendance was light, after the long night session, and but little business was done. The bill for the payment of a large sum to the heirs of the inventor of the Sibley tent was discussed for three hours, without action.

MARCH 26.—Senate.—Not in session.

House—Seventeen private pension bills were passed, and three eulogies were delivered in memory of the late Gen. P. B. Spinola member of the House from New York city.

MARCH 28.—Senate—Resolution agreed to calling on the President for correspondence with Brazil, the Republic on reciprocity. The bill to allow 30 days' leave each year to employes of bureau of Engraving and Printing was discussed, and recommitted. Bills passed to bridge across the Mississippi at Burlington, and across the Illinois at Havana.

House—Resolution adopted calling on the secretary of the Treasury for information as to whether the proposed issue of five cents was sufficient to execute the authorized coinage. The remainder of the day was spent on District of Columbia business.

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SILVER BULLION.

Uncle Sam Has a Comfortable Rainy-Day Sum in His Treasury—Amount of Silver Bullion Purchased.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—In answe to a resolution calling upon him to inform the Senate of the amount of Treasury notes issued under the provisions of the act of July 14, 1890, the amount of silver dollars coined and the amount of silver bullion in the Treasury purchased under the provisions of that act, and also whether the silver dollars coined were available for the expenses of the government, Secretary Foster yesterday sent a letter to the Senate in reply giving the information asked for.

In this reply Secretary Foster says: There were purchased and received at the mints under the act of July 14, 1890, from the date when it took effect, August 13, 1890, to and including February 28, 1892, 54,500,353 fine ounces of silver bullion at a cost of $55,467,824, in payment of which there were issued within that period treasury notes authorized by the act to the amount of $55,230,212, leaving a balance of $231,680, which represents the amount of

Purchases of Bullion

made at the mints of San Francisco, New Orleans, and Carson City late in February, the reports of which reached the department after the close of that month. There were coined under the act, within the period mentioned, 28,939,475 standard dollars, with a wastage of $28,935 not yet adjusted, and there were held in the Treasury at the close of business on the 28th ult., 62,089,503 fine ounces of silver, which cost $61,437,330. Of the silver dollars coired under the provisions of that act $24,002,627 are held in the Treasury for the redemption of the treasury notes, $4,380,000 have been covered into the Treasury on account of seigniorage, and so have become available for the ordinary expenses of the government, and the remainder, $557,848, are held in the Treasury uncovered awaiting adjustment of the seigniorage account. When this last mentioned amount or so much of it as may be ascertained to be the net seigniorage is covered into the Treasury, the amount so covered will also be available for ordinary expenses of the government.

Exchanges of Silver Dollars.

Respecting redemptions or exchanges of silver dollars, Secretary Foster says that the department has not redeemed silver dollars or silver certificates in gold or gold certificates; nor has it exchanged silver dollars or certificates for gold or gold certificates. Concluding, Secretary Foster says that silver dollars and silver certificates that are received for public dues are used freely in the discharge of all government obligations.

Secretary Foster said, in discussing the condition of the Treasury, that there was nearly always $24,000,000 in disbursing officers' hands, and that was practically current funds, for while the treasurer's balance might show only a net balance of $30,000,000, the subsidiary silver and money in national banks actually took the place of that money in the hands of disbursing officers, leaving at all times $31,000,000 in available funds over and above the $100,000,000 gold reserve. Counting the $23,000,000 in subsidiary silver and the government money in national banks, the total available assets exclusive of the $100,000,000 gold reserve would be $54,000,000, rather a comfortable sum for a rainy day.

The G. A. R. Encampment.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—A message from the President transmitting a communication from the District commissioners, accompanied by a letter from the chairman of the executive committee of the G. A. R. encampment, to be held next September, was laid before the Senate yesterday. An appeal is made for $100,000, one-half to be paid by the district for the expenses of the encampment.

Want Payment for Slaves.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—In the Senate yesterday the Vice President presented a petition from Benjamin G. Harris, of Maryland, on behalf of himself and other citizens of that state, asking Congress to secure compensation for the slaves taken by the general government or emancipated by a state convention at the instance and desire of the general government.

Senator Morrill is no longer in danger from his attack of pneumonia, but he is still very weak.

After having had under consideration for some weeks the Caine bill to give local government to Utah, the House committee on territories decided on the 24th to report it favorably with an amendment which strikes out the section relating to the sale of public lands for school purposes.

POLITICS DOWN IN TEXAS.

Governor Hogg and His Campaign Now in Full Heat.

HOUSTON, Tex., March 23.—The fight for the Democratic nomination for governor will be hotter this year than ever before. The contestants so far are James Stephen Hogg, the present governor; Judge George Clark, of Waco, and Mayor Roger Lossing Fulton, of Galveston. Governor Hogg was elected attorney general in 1880 and 1888 on an anti-railroad and anti-monopoly platform, and his success in prosecuting the International & Great Northern railroad for

JAMES STEPHEN HOGG.

violation of the law and restoring to the state thousands of acres of valuable land, originally granted to the road, easily carried him into the governorship in 1890.

Since then the disastrous effect of the alien land law, fathered by Hogg, and the paralysis of the South Texas lumber business through the mileage freight rate, originated by the railroad commission, another of the governor's pet ideas, have raised up a strong faction against Governor Hogg. His appointment of Homer Chilton, an able but somewhat obscure young man, has also been criticised.

Judge Clark, a pushing politician of the David Bennett Hill class, seeks the nomination as an opponent of the railroad commission and the alien land law. He conducted successfully the campaign against state prohibition in 1887, and in his ambition to become governor will be supported by the railroad, lumber, liquor and money elements.

Roger Lossing Fulton, who for fourteen years has been the mayor of Galveston, is opposed to a railroad commission with absolute power and a radical alien land law, and advocates the Australian ballot system. He is greatly admired for his mental and social qualities, and may be regarded as a people's candidate.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

VENEZUELA.

The Legislative Bodies Have Not Exercised Their Legal Functions, and That's Why no President Has Been Elected.

NEW YORK, March 26.—Under date of March 18, a correspondent of the *Herald* at Caracas, Venezuela, after cabling of a fight then taking place, writes a letter in which he says that while he writes there is fighting rumored to be going on within three days' march from Caracas, and that more war is sure to follow.

The national lerislature consists of two houses, one of senators and another of deputies. These bodies meet every year in the capital, Caracas, on the 20th of February, and their sessions last seventy days and may be prolonged to twenty more.

The federal council is composed of seventeen members, and is chosen by congress every ten years. This election of the federal council takes place in the first and third year of each term of office of the legislative body and within the first fifteen days of its meeting. From its own members

The Federal Council Elects

the person who for the next two years is to be president of the republic. Members of the federal council remain in office for two years, as does the president of Venezuela, and the last named can not be re-elected for the term immediately following. Thus runs the constitution of Venezuela.

The federal council should have been organized and a president elected already, but up to this time this has not occurred. It is true that on February 20 the chambers of senators and deputies met, and Minoz Lebar and Cadanas were respectively elected directors thereof, but the senators were not long in closing their doors, while the deputies continued to meet until March 7, when the opposition members left the chamber in a body, since which time no meeting has been held, nor is there any likelihood of such occurring.

The result has been that the congress has not assembled, no federal council has been chosen, and hence the nonelection of a president of the republic. In these circumstances Dr. Anduexa Palacio retains the reins of office. The legislative bodies have not exercised their legal functions because the necessary quorum

Could Not Be Got Together

in the senate. The opposition charge the government party with absenting themselves from the meeting of the senate, thereby preventing the formation of a legal quorum.

And here it is necessary to explain just what the difficulty really is between the government and the legislators. It appears that the last national congress and the legislatures of the nine states of the union sanctioned the reform of the constitution in

Several Important Particulars,

including the extension of the term of office of the president from two to four years. President Palacio now insists that the first act of the present congress shall be to declare the reformed constitution in force, then next to elect a president and vice president for a term to be named by him. The oppositionists decline to agree to this and say the first act of congress shall be the election of a president and vice president, then shall follow the declaration of the reformed constitution. Neither party will give in, and hence the deadlock.

The president declares it to be his duty—and in this he is supported by a large party—to see that the reformed constitution is in force before anything else is done. He says that he is responsible to the country for this. The opposition, however, do not view the matter in this light, hence all the trouble.

An appeal to arms is certain to follow. The government is determined to face the situation. The Bank of Caracas has advanced it 8,000,000 of bolivares (about $750,000), and the national forces at its disposition are said to be in a fine condition of thorough preparation to meet the revolutionists.

ZEDLITZ'S RESIGNATION ACCEPTED.

The Emperor Accepts the Resignation of the Minister of Ecclesiastics.

BERLIN, March 24.—The *Kreuz Zeitung* says the emperor has written a gracious letter to Count Von Zedlitz-Trutzschler accepting his resignation of the office of Prussian minister of ecclesiastical affairs, public education and medicinal affairs. His majesty expresses the hope that despite his withrawal from office, Count Von Zedlitz-Trutzchler will always be ready to place his service at the disposal of the state.

It is reported that Dr. Bosse, secretary of State in the ministry of Justice, has accepted the portfolio of minister of ecclesiastics, public education and medicinal affairs. Herr Balliestrim, the leader of the center party, has gone to Hubertusstock to see the emperor by the special desire of his majesty.

The emperor to-day gave an audience to Chancellor Von Caprivi. The *Kreutz Zeitung* says that Von Puttklamar, formerly imperial minister of justice, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Bosse as secretary of state in the ministry of justice.

Von Caprivi Relieved.

BERLIN, March 24.—The *Reichsanzinger*, the official organ of the government, says this evening: Chancellor Von Caprivi has been relieved of the functions of the presidency of the Prussian ministry, but he will retain the position of Prussian minister of foreign affairs. Count Von Eulenberg, grand marshal of the court, will succeed Von Caprivi as president of the ministry.

Dynamite In Paris.

PARIS, March 28.—There was a terrific explosion of dynamite yesterday morning, at No. 39 Rue Clichy, the home of M. Bulot, the public prosecutor. The attempt was against his life, which has been threatened repeatedly lately by anarchists. The police say that at least eight pounds of dynamite must have been used.

The effect of the explosion was indescribable. Houses for an eighth of a mile on every side of No. 39 were rocked as if by an earthquake. All windows were shattered in the neighborhood and walls of the strongest buildings in the immediate vicinity were cracked and bulged. No. 39 is a wreck.

Canada and the Chinese.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 23.—Mr. Gordon, of British Columbia, has given notice of his intention to introduce a bill amending the Chinese immigration act, by increasing the poll tax on Chinese immigrants from $50 to $100 per head. The bill also enacts that after the expiration of four months from the passage of the act, Chinese immigration into Canada shall be prohibited altogether.

Minister Reid Sails For Home.

HAVRE, March 26.—Mr. Whitelaw Reid and Mrs. Reid, were among the passengers on board the general trans-Atlantic line steamer La Champagne, Capt. Boyer, which sailed hence for New York at 9 o'clock this morning.

The prosperity of Cuba has so increased that that colony can now support an annual expenditure of thirty million dollars, although her actual expenditure does not exceed $21,000,000.

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"The Royal Baking Powder is purest in quality and highest in strength of any baking powder of which I have knowledge.

"WM. MCMURTRIE, PH. D."

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE SILVER LEAGUE

Will Call a National Silver Convention to Meet in St. Louis Early in June.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—(Special.)—The defeat of the silver bill is a subject of much discussion. Silver people are intensely indignant. President Warner, of the Silver League, is preparing for a national silver convention, to be held probably at St. Louis about June 1. Whether the indignation of the silver men will be sufficient to lead them to make Presidential nominations is not determined, though probably wise counsel will prevail against it. The defeat of the bill is doubtless due to the pressure of Presidential candidates and leading minds of the party against further agitation on a subject on which the party is so much divided. It is generally conceded Cleveland is greatly benefited. Many now predict his nomination. Southern members especially are depressed as they believe it will strengthen the Alliance in the South and fear it may so divide the Democratic vote as to give some Southern states to the Republicans. Silver men now are talking of an effort to get a vote on the bill in the Senate. But it is probable the same influence which defeated it in the House will prevent its passage there.

SPRINGER'S FREE WOOL BILL

Will Probably be Called Up and Pushed Through in April.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The Springer free wool bill will be brought to a vote on April 22 or 23, unless there should be a hitch in the present programme of the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means committee, which has charge of the measure.

Chairman Springer, of the committee, is on the programme to close the debate in an hour's speech. Mr. Springer expects to be sufficiently improved in health by that time to fulfill the task. Although still nervous and weak, he is improving steadily, and on Friday will leave the city for Fortress Monroe, where recuperation is expected to be more rapid.

The binding twine and cotton bagging bills will then be pushed to a vote as soon as possible, to be followed, perhaps, by other specific bills, attacking separate items of the McKinley law. With these measures disposed of in the House, and the appropriation bills in excellent shape so far as the House is concerned, the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means committee believe that an early adjournment of Congress is possible, and accordingly discussed the adjournment question to some extent yesterday. No conclusion was reached, but the sentiment was favorable to June 1, as the date of the final adjournment. This is an unusually early date for adjournment and there are many persons who believe final adjournment will be delayed for many weeks after the date named, but still the sentiment expressed by a majority of the members of the Ways and Means committee is significant as showing what they believe is possible.

SOME VALID REASONS

Why Eight Hours Should Not Constitute a Day's Work for the Federal Government.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—(Special.)—Charles H. Cramp, a Philadelphia ship builder appeared before the Labor committee to-day and made an argument against the bill making eight hours a day's labor on work performed for the government. He said if it passed it would make it utterly impossible for private yards to take government contracts while doing private work, as it would disorganize labor in the yard. If this plan is adopted large ship yards with enormous investments and business will have to decline all government work. It would cost the government fifty per cent more to build ships in our own navy yards than at private yards, and the time of building would be doubled. The greatest injury, however, would be in the fact that it would leave the government without any private yards fitted for shipbuilding which could be used in case of an emergency. Great Britain, by encouraging private yards to build government vessels, has now 20 private yards which could set to work building war ships at once.

Dr. W. L. Waldley, examining surgeon in the Pension office, died suddenly at Washington, Sunday.

Senator Gorman has reintroduced his bill of the last Congress prohibiting Canadian railroads from doing business in the United States unless they comply with the interstate commerce act.

Senator McMillin has introduced a bill in the national Senate appropriating $100,000 toward the legitimate expenses of entertaining the G. A. R. at their 26th annual encampment in Washington city next fall.

The House committee on Agriculture yesterday, took up for the first time in some weeks the anti-option bill, and after having considered a few sections of the bill, decided to continue consideration of it on Wednesday.

THE SOUTHERN FARMERS' ALLIANCE

Will Down the Democrats if They Do Not Pass a Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—(special.)—President Livingston, of the Georgia Farmers' Alliance, said to your correspondent this afternoon: "I'm not sure yet that the silver bill is dead. We are going to get every signature possible, and I yet believe we shall get it up." "What will be the result in the South, politically, if it fails? Most disastrous to us Democrats. If this Democratic House fails to pass the silver bill, there will be seven Southern states in which the Democrats will be unable to elect Presidential electors, and the result will be the election of a Republican President.

Fraudulent Sales of School Lands.

PIERRE, S. D., March 29.—Governor Mellette has received information by affidavits setting forth the facts that there has been fraud in the sales of school lands in Minnehaha county.

GENERAL U. S. NEWS

THE RESERVATION.

An Order Has Been Issued Prohibiting Would-be Setters From Examining the Lands to be Thrown Open April 15.

BROWN'S VALLEY, Minn., March 26.—(Special.)—Great excitement was created in this city yesterday by the receipt of the following order:

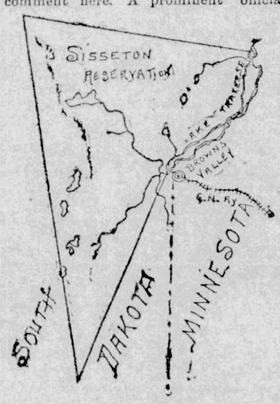
NOTICE—Keep off the reservation. I have just received the following telegram: "Permit no white man to go upon the reservation to examine land to be opened. [Signed.]

T. J. MORGAN, Commissioner.

The police must enforce the above order. I shall seize the teams, camp equipage, etc., of all who persist in violating this order.

[Signed] WM. MCKUSICK,
U. S. Indian Agent.

The above order is the subject of much comment here. A prominent official



THE RESERVATION.

stated to THE BLADE correspondent that this order from Commissioner Morgan is but the forerunner of an order from the commissioner of the general land office, which will prohibit all white men from going upon the reserve until after they obtain rights to land there.

It is stated that this order will be passed

To Prevent Setters

from rushing in from the border on April 15, and squatting upon Indian lands by mistake. These Indian lands are scattered all over the reserve in forties and quarters and some of the Indians themselves do not know where all their lands lie.

As a similar order to this was passed at Ashland to protect settlers already on parts of the land to be opened, this rumor would seem to have foundation.

Speaking upon this matter, U. S. Special Allotting Agent Morris, who allotted the lands in severalty to the Indians, said:

"If this law against settlers going upon the reservation is enforced, it will be useless for people to come here to make a selection of land, as they will have to

Select Through an Agent,

and they can do this as well by mail as in person. I hope, however, the order will not be enforced."

Special Agent Morris says that the best lands are open to settlers, the Indians having selected the broken and timbered lands suited to hunting and fishing. He knows the reservation from boyhood and says there are 4,500 homesteads to be opened April 15. Parties are daily going upon the reservation in large numbers and a conflict with the native police is hourly expected.

THE ESTATE OF BEN FRANKLIN.

An Action Commenced to Obtain Possession of a Fund.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26.—Had the ghost of Benjamin Franklin walked into the Supreme court yesterday he would have been treated to the sight of a passage-at-arms over his estate. It was in the case of the appeal of Elizabeth Gillespie and Albert D. Bache from the decree of the Orphans' court, claiming a fund held by the city amounting to $100,000, the accumulation of a bequest by Benjamin Franklin to the city, over 100 years ago. The fund was to be loaned out for the benefit of artisans, at interest; then, after the 100 years, to revert to the city for water improvements.

The appellants claim that this bequest is void, because it offends against perpetuities, and that they, as descendants, are entitled to the fund. The court reserved its decision.

A Tin Plate Manufactory.

DULUTH, Minn., March 25.—Those who are pushing the structural steel plant about to be put in at the west end of the city, state that if they are able to complete their arrangements there will grow out of the open hearth and rolling mill plants to be erected here a large tin plate manufacturing concern.

Ryan for Director General.

COLUMBUS, March 29.—(Special.)—Secretary of State Daniel J. Ryan has tendered his resignation to Gov. McKinley in order to accept a position as World's Fair commissioner. It is thought his chief clerk, McKinney, will be appointed to succeed him.

McEnery's Majority.

NEW ORLEANS, March 24.—Returns from the greater part of the state in the Democratic white primaries give McEnery a majority of 4,925. The polling places still to be heard from will not reduce McEnery's majority more than 1,500 at the outside.

Collapse of a Trust.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., March 26.—The American Bobbin, Spool and Shuttle company, the syndicate which has lately secured control of nearly all the factories in its line of business in the country, has assigned for the benefit of its creditors.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

It is Alleged That England is Trying to Establish a Coaling Station in Lower California.

NEW YORK, March 24.—A *Herald* dispatch from San Diego, Cal., affirms that some startling statements abort the nature of the Mexican International Co., which claims title to eighteen million acres of land in Lower California, just across the border, are made by Chas. E. Anthony, a reputable civil engineer, who returned a few days ago from below the line.

He claims to have positive knowledge that the company, which is composed of British capitalists, is merely a cloak for a scheme on the part of Great Britain to secure the harbor of San Quentin, Lower California, for a coaling station, so that when the Nicaraguan canal has been completed England will have a base of supplies between its entrance and her American possessions on the North Pacific coast.

The harbor of San Quentin is one of the best on the Pacific and is admirably adapted for fortifications. Mr. Anthony has lived for four years in Lower California, and he asserts positively that when the country was stirred up two years ago by news of a filibustering expedition, with Lower California as its objective point, two British men-of-war, the Pheasant and the Warspite, were lying off San Quentin harbor, just in sight of the coast, awaiting a signal from the bluff back of the harbor, upon which they were to steam in, and hoisting the British flag, formally take possession of San Quentin on the flimsy pretense of protecting English interests; namely, the Mexican International company.

His most striking statement is that all these facts are and have long been known at Washington, and that more than once the state department has secretly sent government agents to Ensenada, where the International company's headquarters are, and there they have learned not only the facts herein stated, but many others quite as important to the United States. He declares, too, that this British scheme has never been abandoned, and that Her Majesty's government is only waiting an opportunity to put it into execution, regardless of the Monroe doctrine.

It is not insignificant that the president of company is Sir Edward Jenkinson, K. C. B., and the secretary is the Hon. Edward Bruce, the last of a historic Scottish line.

MESSIAH CRAZE AMONG INDIANS.

But It Will be Speedily Ended by Arrests.

GUTHRIE, Ok., March 28.—The Messiah craze has again made its appearance among the Pawnee and Oteo Indians, but seems in a fair way to be brought to a speedy end by the arrest of W. W. White, a Pawnee Indian, and Buffalo Black, an Oteo, who were brought here in irons from their respective reservations to-day.

They have been telling the Indians that a great Messiah would come and would bring with him all Indians in the happy hunting grounds; that under the leadership of the Messiah the whites would be swept from the face of the earth, and the original prairies, forts, and buffalo and deer would reappear.

The children go to school decked in war paint and feathers. There was some difficulty in making the arrests, and it is possible that hostilities may follow. The charge on which the Indians were arrested was that of inciting an insurrection.

STANDARD OIL TRUST PROFITS.

Twenty-six Million Dollars were Cleared in About Two Years.

NEW YORK, March 24.—It is said that the Standard Oil trust has in its treasury over $26,000,000 of undivided profits. When it is known that this sum represents the accumulations of only about two years, it will be understood how phenomenally large the earnings of the companies are, and why the trust has always taken care to conceal from the public the tremendous profits of its business. It is only about two years ago that the capital of the trust companies was increased from $70,000,000 to $90,000,000 by the issuing of a stock dividend from the accumulated earnings.

WON'T AFFILIATE WITH NEGROES.

The Texas G. A. R. Encampment Adopts a Peculiar Resolution.

EL PASO, Tex., March 24.—The Texas state encampment of the G. A. R. assembled here yesterday formally. The Blue and the Gray are camped together on the court house lawn. At the morning session only routine business was transacted, reports read, etc.

At the afternoon session resolutions were adopted asking the government to give Fort Bliss, at this point, as a home for invalid and maimed soldiers when the new fort was completed. It was further resolved that neither the encampment nor any of its subordinate bodies should affiliate with negro veterans.

MAY ERECT TIN PLATE WORKS.

It is not Improbable That Youngstown Will Have a New Factory.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 29.—Lloyd Booth, president of the immense iron foundry and machine works of the Booth company, at Youngstown, O., who has been at the Hotel Del Coronado for several days, will visit the Tetescal mines. If the prospect of the properties justify, he will erect one of the largest tin plate works in the United States in connection with his iron plant at Youngstown.

An Aztec City Discovered.

PHOENIX, Ariz., March 24.—A party of Mexican laborers, while digging in the extension of the Santa Cruz canal, came upon one of the strangest of the old Aztec cities. They struck the first ruin in cutting through the desert, about 20 feet below the surface, where it had doubtless been covered up by sand storms, which are very severe here in the summer. Everything about the old building had been wonderfully preserved, owing to the alkali in the sand. The first building consisted of a triangular structure about 300 feet in length and 200 in width. The roof, which had doubtless been thatched, had caved in, but the wooden pieces by which it was held together were as sound as when put in thousands of years ago. They were pulled out of the old wall and are on exhibition at Tucson.

In the building was a stone trough about the entire width, and made in sections, held together with a kind of cement. There were eighteen bodies in the building, all of them of medium size, and their flesh was mummified.

Rough on Talmage.

NEW YORK, March 24.—A dispatch from Aberdeen, S. D., yesterday stated that Rev. Philip E. Holp, of Watertown, S. D., had created a sensation by giving a lecture entitled "Talmage and His Tricks." The Rev. Mr. Holp declared that in ten years the Rev Dr. Talmage had not produced a single new sermon.

"On March 10, 1878," said the Rev. Mr. Holp, "Talmage preached a sermon on 'Shall We Know Each Other There?' which are thirteen different thoughts from Hariborough's 'Heavenly Recognition:' a book published in 1854. He forgot to give credit.

In 1878 he preached on 'The Midnight Horseman.' In 1889 he preached the same sermon, headed the 'Moonlight Ride.' In 1880 he called the same sermon 'Songs in the Night.' In 1888 he gave the 'Upper and Nether Springs.' In 1889 the same under 'New Springs of Joy.'"

The Rev. Dr. Talmage has always said that he makes it a rule of life never to reply to adverse personal criticisms, and when I called his attention to Mr. Holp's charges yesterday he declined to discuss them or make any reply.

A Disgraced Judge.

NEW YORK, March 23.—The association of the bar of the city of New York tried Isaac C. Maynard, judge of the court of appeals, last night and brought in a verdict of guilty. From the first there was no doubt as to what the verdict would be, but a little knot of his supporters fought valiantly for acquittal, and failing, accepted the inevitable with becoming grace. The judge was found guilty of reprehensible conduct in the Duchess county election case by a vote which was probably abous five to one, and within a few days the senators and representatives in Albany will be called upon by the New York city bar to remove him from the high judicial office to which he was recently elevated.

Baby's Blood Skin and Scalp Cleansed Purified and Beautified Of every Humor Eruption and Disease

By the Cuticura Remedies when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies and methods of treatment fail. They afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas, and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure.

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The great skin cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, externally, instantly allay the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, soothe and heal raw and irritated surfaces, clear the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restore the hair, while Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities and hereditary elements, and thus removes the cause.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

Bad Complexions,

pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands are prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap.** Incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. *The only medicated toilet soap, and the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurations.* Price, 25c.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EVENTS.

A deep water convention is to be held at Mississippi City, Miss., March 31.

In order to prepare for the World's Fair, Gen. Miles expects to have his staff in Chicago increased to seventeen.

During 1891, the Amazon valley exported 23,820,461 pounds of rubber to the United States and 15,307,329 to Europe.

At a mass meeting of workingmen at Sydney, N. S. W., Sunday, a resolution against the introduction of colored labor into the colony was adopted.

"The Grange," the property of Alexander Hamilton, of revolutionary days, was sold at New York Tuesday, at auction, to Orlando B. Potter for $140,500.

The British steamer Missouri, which sailed from New York March 15, with flour and provisions for famine sufferers, was signaled off the Scilly Islands Monday.

The ship Labrador arrived at St. Johns, N. F., Wednesday, being the first of the sealer fleet to return. She had 18,500 skins, and reports that ten other vessels have secured altogether 180,000 skins.

Official dispatches from the East African colony of Mozambique, state that the capital town (Quilimane), is now safe from the attacks of revolting natives, the rebels having been routed.

The French line steamship La Touraine, from Havre March 19, crossed Sandy Hook Bar at 8:35 o'clock Saturday morning. The run was made in 6 days, 23 hours, and 30 minutes, the fastest on record.

The New York Senate has concurred in the assembly amendments to the Senate bill appropriating $350,000 for the World's Fair, including the amendment for the closing of the state exhibit on Sunday.

One hundred and seventy-five cars of flour, containing 22,000 barrels, left Minneapolis, Minn., for Philadelphia, Pa., having been purchased by the Relief association in the latter city for the famine sufferers in Russia.

A WELL-KNOWN GENIUS IS DEAD.

He First Conceived the Plan of an Elevated Railroad.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26.—J. B. Wickersham, a well-known Philadelphian, is dead. Mr. Wickersham had a genius for invention, and conceived the plan of an elevated railway in order to relieve the crush of vehicles on Broadway. Beyond all question he was the pioneer in this improvement. As early as 1854 the illustrated papers of New York gave drawings of Wickersham's Broadway railroad and Wickersham's elevated terrace, with ample description of the benefits it would bring to the people. The time was not ripe, and he made no application for the patents. Others afterwards reaped the credit and the reward.

STRANGE DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS.

Unique Way of Securing a Pension for a Soldier's Widow.

PATERSON, N. J., March 28.—Lawyer Dewitt C. Bolton has under advisement the application of a woman for a divorce from a dead man. Her first husband enlisted in the war and was killed. She married again, and at the death of her second husband she ascertained that her second marriage deprived her of the benefits of the law. Subsequently she learned that her second marriage was bigamous, husband No. 2 having a wife living at the time of his marriage to her. This marriage, she thinks, can be set aside as null and void, and then she will be able to procure a widow's pension.

Work on the Electricity Building.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Night work was begun at Jackson park last night, on the electricity building, and from now on this double force of men will be employed so that building operations shall not be delayed.

Was 106 Years Old.

WATERDOWN, Ont., March 29.—Dr. Lillie Tailleur is dead at the age of 106. He was a native of Ireland. He had full possession of his faculties up to the time of his death, and had used rum and tobacco all his life.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The bank reserves increased last week, showing that idle money is accumulating again. Speculation is inactive, as there are two many factors of doubt on the financial horizon. The export of gold was resumed again, $668,435 going from New York. Money was in good lending supply, call loans being steady all the week at 1½@2 per cent; time loans were in full supply, rates being 3@3½ per cent for 30 to 90 days, and 4@5 per cent for longer dates.

STOCKS.—The market was inactive all last week, and the hope of a speedy advance seems to be illusory. There are signs that there will be further liquidation. It is believed that the selling of American stocks by foreign holders will be resumed, and if this proves correct a decline will follow instead of an advance. The battle over the silver bill seemed to have very little influence on the New York stock market last week. The financial world feels perfectly secure in the knowledge that President HARRISON will veto the bill, even if it should pass both House and Senate. The Bering Sea difficulty has far more effect upon stocks than the silver agitation, and the war-cloud, though a small one, cast a paralyzing shadow on the share and bond market. The near approach of April 1, with its disbursements of interest, etc., and the consequent demand at that time from the interior for funds, is another deterrent factor in the market.

SILVER.—The three days of debate on the silver bill in the House of Representatives was marked by a slump in the price of silver bullion. It reached 83¾ cents per ounce, the lowest figure at which it had ever sold in the world's history, nor did the price advance after the silver battle was over. Were the theories of the silver men correct, that free coinage would cause its price to advance so as to make the silver dollar worth a dollar in gold, the market should have advanced sharply. Speculators would have been eager to handle the white metal. As it was, however, there was no speculation in it at all. The demand from India, which for some time has supported the market, slackened and then ceased, and the price tumbled.

The fall in price was not because of the silver debate. That had no influence one way or another. That the decline took place at the same time the debate was going on was simply a coincidence. Early on Saturday there were reports of a general demoralization of the silver market in London, which caused a severe drop, and two sales were made at 85 cents, still lower than the price mentioned above, and the lowest figure ever reached by silver. This was but a flurry, and the market closed Saturday afternoon at 87¼ cents an ounce, which is equal to a shade less to 67½ cents for the value of the pure metal in the United States dollar, and a ratio of about 23.7 to 1 for the values of equal weights of gold and silver. On the basis of bullion values, three silver dollars are now worth but a trifle more than two dollars in gold.

BUSINESS AND STOCKS DULL.

The Trade Situation One of Doubt For the Future---The Silver Bill and the Stock Market.

NEW YORK, March 26—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Business indications are not quite so clear. There is less evidence of improvement in distribution, and yet the prospect in the great industries seem brighter. The movement of grain and cotton falls off and sharp decline in prices is felt in many quarters, but the tone in the iron, cotton, woolen and special manufactures is rather improved. The money markets are well supplied. With unusually conflicting signs, the confidence which prevails in business circles is still unabated.

Wheat has dropped to 95½c, a decline of nearly 3c for the week, though much stronger in tone at the end, receipts having been 2,500,000 bushels in four days. Corn is nearly 1c stronger, with exports of 7,344,000 in four days, but oats is one quarter lower; pork and lard is a shade lower. Oil declined 25½c and coffee ½c. Cotton is down 6¾c, receipts this week having been much less and exports much greater than a year ago; the stocks at ports have di inished, but are still 444,000 bales greater than at same date last year.

Merchandise exports exceeded imports in February by $21,256,124. Exports of domestic products have fallen off, and for three weeks in March are about $656,000 larger at New York than a year ago, while imports have been $4,000,000 greater, indicating for the month a considerable excess in imports. But for the uncertainty how far foreign relations will affect money and business here the greatest confidence in future trade would seem to be justified.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 231, as compared with a total of 240 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 256.

Bradstreet's weekly Wall street review says: The discussion of the Bland silver measure at Washington this week has furnished the chief cause for further speculative hesitation. At the same time it would seem that Wall street had discounted the possibility of the bill becoming a law, and that the decline of bar silver this week to the lowest figures recorded in modern times, measured the chances of such action as estimated in financial circles. Europe has not been prominent as a factor in the stock market and the participation from that quarter has been confined to spasmodic selling of a few special stocks. The sharp advance which has occurred in exchange rates may be connected with the silver agitation and represents more closely than the operations of the share market would do, the conservative tendencies aroused by the proceedings in the House of Representatives.

The side-tracking of the Bland bill in the House yesterday was to a certain extent a relief to the market. Nevertheless, it would seem that a certain feeling of uncertainty was aroused on that account which will not disappear for some time. These influences have certainly limited speculation and kept the market in a narrow and professional state. But though its feverishness and sensitive condition were apparent, it seems that little inducement was afforded for bearish attacks on values in general. Some declines were produced in the opening of the week, and later on, the president's message on the Bering sea question was used as a cover for a bear raid. Nevertheless, the firmness of the market has not disappeared.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, March 30, 1892.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	March 29.	March 22.
U. S. 4's, coupons	115¾	117
U. S. 4's registered	115¾	116
U. S. 2's	100	100
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

NEW YORK, March 40.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 1,307,725
Loans, decrease	4,224,400
Specie, increase	1,477,5 0
Legal tenders, decrease	716,900
Deposits, decrease	4,187,800
Circulation, increase	85,800

The bank now holds $18,007,425 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 2 per cent. Bar silver 85. The stock market closed fairly active and weak, at about the lowest figures of the day.

New York Stock Market.

	Opens.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atch	37⅞	38	37	37⅛
A. C. T.	89½	89¾	89¾	89½
A. S. R.				
C. S.	61⅜	61¾	60¾	60¾
C. C. C.	70¾	70¾	70¼	70¼
C. B. Q.	107¾	107¾	106⅞	106⅞
C. Gas.	76¾	76¾	75⅜	75⅜
Cordage				
D. H.				
D. & L.	158½	158¾	158¼	158¾
Erie	31⅜	31⅜	30⅜	30⅜
H.	30	30	29¾	29¾
J. C.	139	139	138½	138½
Lead				
L. S.	133¾	133¾	132¾	132¾
L. & N.	73¾	73¾	72¾	72¾
L. P.	62¾	62¾	59⅝	61⅛
N. E.	48⅝	49⅜	47¾	47¾
N. P.				
N. P. Pfd.	62	62¼	61¼	61
N. Y. C.	120	120⅛	119¼	119¼
N. Y. C.	114¾	114⅞	214⅜	114⅜
N. A.	14¾	14¾	14	14⅛
P. M.	35	35	33	35
R. T.	114	114	113¼	113¼
*R. T.	37	37¼	36¾	37⅛
Read	57¾	57¾	57⅛	57⅛
Silver	85¼	85½	85½	85¼
Sugar	98¾	98¾	97⅝	97⅝
St. Paul	77	77⅜	76¾	76⅝
T. C. I.				
T. Pac.				
U. Pac.	45¼	45¾	44¾	44¾
Wabash				
Wabash pfd.	28	28¼	27⅞	27⅞
W. U.	87¾	88	87⅛	87¾

Trade.

The general business of the country during the past week was of about the same volume as the preceding week. The outlook is for a substantial spring trade. Iron and hides are yet dull.

Close of the Grain Market at Primary Points To-day.

The markets for wheat, this forenoon, in Liverpool, were ½d lower; corn, ¼d lower; London, 3d off each; 3d lower; on passage, weak and 3d lower. The Mark Lane *Express* has a bullish article saying arrivals keep the markets constantly supplied, American markets wheat was irregular but higher. Corn dull, firm.

At Chicago May wheat opened at 75¾c, rose to 83c and then marked 75¾c, 83c up; Toledo to 82¾c and 87⅝@87¾c, rose to 87⅞c, then noted 87¼c, ½c above yesterday; at New York it opened at 91¾c, rose to 92⅝c, and then stood at 92½c, 1c up; and St. Louis to 86¾c, then fell to 85⅝c, fell to 84¾c, then rose to 85¾c, ¾c better.

At New York May corn opened at 46⅝c, and rose to 47c, same as yesterday, and at Chicago it started at 43c, and afterward bulged 40¾@46¾c, ¾c advance.

A dispatch to THE BLADE to-day says: Figures compiled by the *Northwestern Miller* show the stock of wheat in private elevators at Minneapolis on the 1,475,000 bushels, an increase over last Monday of 41,000 bushels. The total stock at Minneapolis and Duluth is 21,857,385 bushels, a gain for the week of 1,072,503 bushels. The market record reports the stock of wheat in country elevators of Minnesota and the two Dakotas at 9,135,500 bushels, a decrease of 1,507,000 bushels against 5,900,000 in 1891. The aggregate visible stock is thus made 31,032,785 bushels, or 234,503 bushels less than last week. A year ago the total stock was only 20,033,000 bushels.

This afternoon the market for wheat closed firm at full prices. The decrease in ocean passage of 1,300,000 bushels, had the effect of firming the market. A dispatch from Congressman Hatch to Chicago parties has had a strengthening effect. It was that the anti-option bill would not interfere with trading on the Chicago board under the rules. Wright & Haugbey say this is misleading, as Hatch's bill will prohibit dealing without any one coming from selling grain they have not got or have not contracted for. Corn was firmer at the close. Cables say: Paris wheat and flour quiet, 10 centimes lower. Antwerp wheat market weaker. English country markets slow; Liverpool ¼d lower. Amount of corn on passage declined 72,000 bushels.

The exports of wheat from India during the last two weeks of March, of which 280,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 46,000 bushels to the continent. The shipments for the corresponding week of 1891 were 1,080,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 53,464,000 bushels, of which 24,560,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 20,944,000 bu to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time in 1890-91 were 46,400,000 bu, of which 18,240,000 bu were to the United Kingdom and 7,760,000 bu to the Continent.

For the week visible wheat increased 255,000 bushels.

At Chicago May wheat closed ¼c under highest prices, at 79¾c; at Toledo it was at bu figures, at 87¾c, at New York it was ¼c under top prices, at 92c bid, and at St. Louis it was ½c off, at 85¾c.

Corn for May at Chicago closed ⅜c off from best price, at 40¾c.

Close at Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 30.—Special to J. M. Cronenberg.:—Wheat—The sold out condition of the market left it in shape to rally on the unexpected decrease of 1,300,000 bushels on ocean passage, but there was renewed and general selling at the top which the market was too narrow to take and maintain prices. It sold off from 87 to 79¾, but a more confident tone prevailed, and investors took hold more freely.

The price is attractive, and for the present it looks safest to buy on soft spots.

Corn and oats—Not much doing. The manipulators hold May corn firmly, while later months and lower grades are relatively weak, and outside markets fail to respond materially to the advance here. The clique are counting on light receipts the first half of April to help them out.

Foreign markets have been declining since the bull movement here began but exports are fair and new engagements encouraging.

Oats—Show no snap. With good weather for putting in the next crop we shall probably see lower prices.

Provisions—Have scored a further moderate advance which is considered encouraging in view of the lack of outside business.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

There was a dull market for wheat this afternoon at the Produce Exchange, but prices were firm at the close. Corn sold actively at steady prices. Clover seed active, steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 88c, 1c up; No. 2 soft red Lake Shore, 88½c; No. 3 soft red, 86½c; No. 2 white, 88½c.

May wheat, 87¼@87¾c, outside last paid, ¾c above yesterday's close; July wheat, 84½c, 84¾c, then 84½c, ¼c up; August wheat, 83¾@83¾c, 1c under yesterday.

Prices of March and May wheat, to-day:

March.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo				88½
Chicago				
New York	91¾	92⅝	91¾	92½
St. Louis	84	84¾	84	84¾
May.				
Toledo	87¾	87¾	87¼	87¾
Chicago	79¾	83	79¾	79¾
New York	91¾	92⅝	91¾	92½
St. Louis	85⅜	85¾	85⅛	85⅝

Corn—No. 2, nominally, 39½c; No. 3 sold at 39c; No. 2 white, 43c; No. 2 yellow, 40c; No. 3 yellow, 39c; No. 2 white, 41c.

Oats—No. 2 about 30½c.

Rye—No. 2, 83c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash and March, $6 50; No. 2 seed, $6 25; buckthorn, $6 00.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade in farm and garden products was fairly good, this morning. The fine weather induced a goodly number of producers to come to the city. In most things prices show no change. Butter is in demand for best grades at outside figures. Eggs sell well; stock good. Poultry needed at quotations. Vegetables steady. Fruits in fair supply. Prices unchanged. Fresh meats, supply about equal to demand; no alteration to make. Hides dull but steady.

Butter—Finest quality creamery, 27@28c; dairy, 24@26c; next quality, 21@23c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13c.

Poultry — Chickens, ducks and geese, dressed, 10@11c; turkeys, 13@15c.

Vegetables—Beans, bu, $1 70 for medium hand-picked; others $1 60@1 75; marrows, $2 25; parsnips, bu., 50c; carrots, bu., 30@35c; turnips, 30@35c; potatoes, bu., 35@40c; sweet potatoes, bbl, $3; cabbages, doz., 50c; $1 50@2 00 per hundred, bu., $1 00.

Fruits—Lemons, box., $3 75@4 25; oranges, box, Californias, $2 25@2 75; Floridas, $3 00@3 50; apples, bbl., $2 75@3 00; pineapples, each, 12@15c.

Fresh Meats—Beef, lb., 4@5½c; mutton, 8c; lambs, 9c; dressed hogs, per 100 lbs., $6 50; calves, lb., 7@7½c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, light hides, steers and cows, 4½c; calf, 6c; kips, 4c. Cured hides—Heavy steers, per lb., 7c; light hides, 6½@7c; calf, 6c; kips, 4c.

Wool—Washed, per lb., 29@30c; unwashed, 18@18c.

Hay—Best timothy, $11 00@12 00; mixed, $9 00@10 00.

Grain and Produce.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 29.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, firm at 92½c; No. 1 Northern, 90½c; No. 2 red, 93c. Corn—No. 2, 45c.

DETROIT, Mich., March 29.—Closing—Wheat is stronger; No. 1 white, 88c; No. 2 white, 88c; May, 87½@87¾c. Corn steady; No. 2 cash, 40c. Oats steady; No. 2 white, 32c; No. 2, 33c. Rye nominal; No 2 cash, 89c.

ST. LOUIS, March 24.—Closing—Wheat, cash, off at 84½c; options higher; May, 83¾@83¾c; July, 79¾c. Corn—Cash firm at 34½c; options higher; May, 34½c. Oats better; cash, 29½c; May, 29½c. Pork higher; job lots at $10 62½@10 75. Lard firmer at $8 05@8 10. Whisky steady at $1 13.

CINCINNATI, O., March 29.—Flour dull. Wheat weak, at 84@89c. Corn quiet at 40½c. Oats dull at 30½c. Rye firm at 90c. Pork firmer at $10 37½. Lard quiet at $6 05. Bulk meats firm at $5 75. Bacon steady at $8 75. Whisky quiet; sales 435 bbls.

LIVERPOOL, March 29.—Close—Pork—Demand poor; prices unchanged. Lard—Demand fair for spot and poor for futures; spot, 38s 6d steady; March, April and May, 38s 6d dull. Wheat—Demand poor; No. 2 red winter, 7s 8d steady; spring unchanged. Flour—Demand poor; prices unchanged. Corn—Demand fair; spot steady, 4s 7d; March steady, 4s 6½d; April steady, 4s 4¾d; May steady, 4s 4¾d.

CHICAGO, March 29.—9:30 a. m.—Wheat opened 84c higher, at 79¾c for May, and advanced to 79¾c. Corn opened ¼c higher, at 41c for May,